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MARCH 23, 1962

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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Big, Bad and Popular



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VOL. LXXIX NO. 12



After 6,000 trips to the supermarket, doesn't she deserve one trip to Paris?

Turn her loose in one of the famous *couturier* salons, like Pierre Cardin. One frivolous, Paris-bought hat makes up for a thousand faithful, home-cooked dinners! If you're on an earthbound budget, restrict her to the designers' ground-floor "boutiques." If you're both feeling heady, let her float upstairs [just this once!] to the gilded "haute couture" salons.

As an American visitor, she is cordially invited to the frequent fashion showings. A reservation is all that's needed. Cardin has showings and Dior, Givenchy and Balenciaga . . . all the names she's sighed over for years in *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar* at her hairdresser's.

Paris, really, is one big fashion show. Sit in a café on the Champs-Élysées. Wan-

der into a chic hotel lobby, like the Plaza Athénée. Eat in a great restaurant, like *Tour d'Argent*. Now glance at that glamorous creature beside you...your wife! Somehow, every woman who visits Paris becomes a bit of a Parisienne.

How are you going to get her back to the States after she's seen Paris?



'Eterna 27' is the most significant skin cream discovery of our time!

Women are actually seeing
remarkable visible changes
on their faces after using
'ETERNA 27' by Revlon



Now...women are reporting results as dramatic as those documented by scientific tests. For two years skin specialists in Switzerland and America tested this totally new cream on hundreds of women and witnessed visible changes in 6 out of every 10 cases! There is no other cream in all the world like 'Eterna 27'. Its unique formula belongs to Revlon...and Revlon alone.

You may discover you've been *missing out* while other women have been *finding out* what 'Eterna 27' can do for you!

Ask a woman who has used 'Eterna 27' faithfully for 40 days or more. Watch her face and listen as she talks. Then ask yourself: since the last time you saw her, hasn't there been a *visible change* in the way she looks?

Many women wonder: must my skin be *mature* to achieve these dramatic results? Actually, it's not a

matter of age, it's a matter of need—and every woman must make her own decision. Can you afford *not* to try Revlon 'Eterna 27'?

Revlon guarantees: Used nightly, 'Eterna 27' can do more for your skin than any other cosmetic cream, whether it costs \$20, \$40 or \$100. If, after 40 days you don't agree, simply return the jar for a total refund. 'Eterna 27' has *no* hormone activity, *no* hormone effects. 'Eterna 27' costs 8.00 plus tax.

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From the world's most renowned cosmetic research laboratories: 'ETERNA 27' by REVLON

TIME
March 23, 1982

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Volume LXXX
Number 12

1



there was a place for a better tire



and it's here. New Amoco 120 Super Tire. American Oil Company thought: How about a tire that you could just put on your car and forget about? A tire far tougher than anybody else's—one that would ride like satin and wear like a tank tread. So we got to work and designed such a tire, according to what our dealers told us you wanted. We drove it over a test track in Texas heat for hours at a screaming 120 mph. Didn't even faze it. If you think a tire this great costs more, you're right. Worth it, though. Buy a set at your Standard Oil dealer's and nowhere else. You expect more from Standard—and you get it. **STANDARD OIL DIVISION AMERICAN OIL COMPANY**



How the Special K Breakfast can make your weight-control program work

You start off with a satisfying protein breakfast that supplies fewer than 240 calories. And it tastes so crisp and good you can continue with it comfortably over many weeks

THE breakfast you eat every morning can do much to make or break your weight-control program. The Special K Breakfast was formulated by a group of nutritionists to make your program work.

It is based on the common-sense concept that eating sensibly at breakfast can help you eat sensibly at lunch and dinner.

And it recognizes the urge to start your day with solid food which looks appetizing and tastes good.

A Normal Kind of Meal

When you sit down to the Special K Breakfast you are sitting down to a normal kind of meal. You have variety. You have food that feels substantial in your mouth. And your body receives the nourishment it needs to help it get going.

The Special K Breakfast supplies a balance of vitamins and minerals. As well as complete high-quality protein. And energizing calories.

(Leading nutritionists agree that no matter how low a calorie count you have set for the day, you should get 20% or more of those calories at breakfast.)

Quick As Instant Coffee

The mainstay of the Special K Breakfast is a unique kind of cereal food—Kellogg's Special K. It is crisp and light and quite delicious. When served with milk, Special K provides 14% of an adult man's minimum protein requirement for the day.



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The Special K Breakfast Menu

4 ounces of orange or tomato juice
—or half a medium-size grapefruit
1 ounce (1½ cups) Special K
with 1 teaspoon sugar
4 ounces skim milk
Black coffee or tea

This breakfast contains complete protein yet has fewer than 240 calories.

The Special K Breakfast is a meal that is as quick as instant coffee. No fuss. No bother. It's ready before your coffee is cool enough to drink.

And it tastes so pleasant and stays with you so long, you will probably not be tempted to nibble in the middle of the morning.

Moderation is the Answer

Most weight-control programs fail

because they are dull and extreme. They attempt too much, too fast, and they lean too heavily on will power.

On the other hand, the Special K Breakfast is sensible and natural. With intelligent watching of the foods you eat at other meals—cutting down instead of cutting out—there is no reason why the Special K Breakfast can't help you reach the weight you want—and keep it.

Isn't that important enough to make you want to give the Special K Breakfast a good try?

(If you have any questions about your weight-control program, your doctor is of course your best source of information.)

Kellogg's of Battle Creek

LETTERS

"Young, Virulent & Alive"

Sir:
I attended the Young Americans for Freedom rally at Madison Square Garden [March 16] and was duly impressed with the rousing example of patriotism. I was a Republican, but am now a confirmed conservative. Perhaps a new political party is what this country needs.

WILLIAM H. WISDOM

Cherry Hill, N.J.

Sir:
In your report on Senator Goldwater's speech at the rally, you did not mention his description of conservatism as "young, virulent and alive." Yes, virulent. Perhaps this should be accepted as the definitive characterization.

LOUIS BALDWIN

Albuquerque

Sir:
Why it should surprise anyone that the folk of ultraconservatives are under so puzzles me. Why not? They missed the Depression, so can't understand the desperation that led to social-welfare bills. Never having been hungry and without work, they can't understand why they should have to pay to help those who are. They missed World War II and Korea, and seem to think that war is some grand chess game.

They've lived so long in the soothing syrup of security of job and home that they can't tolerate the insecurity of the cold war. I'd rather be dead than Red, too, but first I'd like a chance to fight the battle without bombs.

(MRS.) SHIRLEY PUDAS

Charlotte, N.C.

Sir:
Your March 16 issue stated that I did not take part in the Madison Square Garden Young Americans for Freedom rally because General Walker's invitation was withdrawn. This is the complete reverse of the actual situation.

In a public statement dated Feb. 14, I stated that I would not participate in the affair because it had developed into an essentially partisan Republican rally, which included a well-known political extremist. I urged that the program be broadened to include anti-Communists who were liberals and Democrats, for the anti-Communist cause can succeed only as a broadly based bipartisan movement.

THOMAS J. DODD

U.S. Senate
Washington, D.C.

Ex-First Lady

Sir:
No woman reading TIME's piece on New York State's ex-first lady [March 16] could fail to be touched deeply by her poignant statement to newsmen inquiring about her: "Just tell them I'm a homely old lady."

To those of us who know her only through the news columns, she is a lovely lady who played her role as wife of the Governor with great dignity and graciousness.

A devoted mother of five children whose youngest was lost off New Guinea at the same time that her 31-year marriage was going down the drain, Mary Rockefeller has borne her tremendous personal tragedies with heroic silence and fortitude. She is a towering figure of strength and stability beside whom the Governor is a pygmy.

VIRGINIA TAYLOR KLOSE

Red Hook, N.Y.

Sir:

Get with it. Your story says Mrs. Rockefeller is a "fantastic horseback rider despite her English saddle." Yet in the accompanying photo, Mrs. Rockefeller is shown riding the West's favorite horse, the Appaloosa, with Western gear.

MRS. ROBERT M. BRUNDAGE

Golden, Colo.

Female Companionship

Sir:
And why shouldn't the boys have natural female companionship at Tijuana [March 16]? If I'd been permitted to have it in World War II, I might not have the troubles I have today.

HERB CLYATT

Combes, Texas

Sir:

I'm sure that your article will inspire the mom-and-apple-pie set to do everything in their power to keep our peach-fuzz Army unblemished by Mexican border towns.

EDEEN G. BITZER

Syracuse

Sir:

You say that Mexican town "makes Gomorrah look like Racine, Wis." We Racine, Wis. boys have a passion for anonymity.

ANTHONY DE LORENZO

Detroit

B is for Boondoggle

Sir:

I cannot think of anything to match the Air Force's redesignation of the B-70 as "RS-70" [March 16] on the ground that

while there may be some dispute about the need for bombers, everyone is in favor of reconnaissance.

I hope TIME will continue calling it the B-70. B, of course, for boondoggle.

ROBERT WACKER JR.

New Canaan, Conn.

Mrs. Grundy

Sir:

TIME's article "Battle of the Socialists" [March 9] states that the term Grundism was inspired by Pennsylvania's stiff-collared conservative and onetime G.O.P. State Chairman Joe Grundy. I believe, however, that the term was originally inspired by the prudish and narrowminded Mrs. Grundy, a person referred to in Thomas Morton's comedy *Speed the Plough* (1798).

MICHAEL OWEN MURPHY

Milwaukee

► "What will Mrs. Grundy say?" worried Dame Abby throughout Horatio's play. For years Mrs. Grundy and Grundism were synonymous with conventional behavior. But when Joe Grundy of Pennsylvania became influential in U.S. politics, the word took on the new meaning of "high button shoe political conservatism."—Ed.

A Classroom of Fools?

Sir:

Re the article about Burgess Hill School [March 9]: "A School Without Rules," I fear, will only develop "a Classroom of Fools."

ANITA GOLDSTEIN '63

University of Michigan

Ann Arbor, Mich.

Sir:

It is no secret that our technical knowledge has surpassed our humane knowledge. Burgess Hill has taken a giant step toward closing the gap. Its methods are too radical for most of us. But it's the underlying philosophy that is important, i.e., by leaving a child free to be his natural self, he will regulate himself and then become a positive human being.

JOAN W. ROSENFELD

Shaker Heights, Ohio

Sir:

I attended Burgess Hill for one year before I came to New Zealand. The schooling I received there had a profound influence on me. I was a damn little brat by the time I'd finished, and at least a year behind in my formal schooling.

Experience with two worlds of schooling has left me with the unshaken belief that few kids turn out all right without a good belt on their backsides every so often.

MARTIN D. BROWN

Christchurch, New Zealand

Sheep Sheets

Sir:

I instituted the use of shearing lambskins for the prevention of bedsores [March 9] at the Boston City Hospital in 1931. A few years later, I received a letter from one associate which quoted Hippocrates: "A goatskin should be spread underneath to make free course for discharges, giving head to drainage and bearing in mind that these regions (when patients lie a long time in the same posture) develop sores difficult to heal."

I only hope that Hippocrates knew that goatskins were quite susceptible to anthrax.

OTTO J. HERMANN, M.D.

Boston

Sir:

For 20 years, I have been squawking about that cotton sheet stretched over rubber or

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6) PEUGEOT, FRANCE



7) ROVER, ENGLAND

These are the 7 best made cars in the world.*
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Its name is Peugeot.

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*JOHN R. BOND, PUBLISHER, ROAD & TRACK
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plastic. It is responsible for more discomfort, sleepless nights, and barbiturates administered than any other single factor.

LAUREL EARLE, R.N.

Peter Bent Brigham Hospital
Boston

Offset Outset

Sir:

There's one thing your fine article on web offset (March 16) has done—taken the mystery out of the offset process. Our 19 newspapers are now changing over to offset. Since we have been working on the transition, one of our editors came up with a line describing the chaos when a paper changes over: "At the outset, there was an upset over the onset of offset."

I think that describes what is going on in the newspaper business all over the country.

LOUIS A. LERNER

Executive Vice President

Lerner Home Newspapers
Chicago

Snipers & Disciples

Sir:

Tennessee Williams' writing will outlive all of us—snipers and disciples. K.A.C.M.'s cover piece (March 9) was an excellent tribute to a great artist.

JACK HUTTO

New York City

Sir:

As a Southerner living in New York, I found Tennessee Williams' plays like a visit to my relatives in Mississippi and Alabama.

Now that I live in Africa, I find fresh assurance that Williams speaks quite literally to modern Africans.

At least, he speaks to one newly ensouled chief who told me recently: "It's going to be better now; Big Daddy can no longer boss me around." He had seen *Cal on a Hot Tin Roof* in an Accra cinema and had felt quite at home.

WILTON S. DILLON

University of Ghana
Legon, Ghana

Sir:

Will you convey to Mr. Kalem our compliments for his article on Tennessee Williams? This was dramatic criticism on the level of the most perceptive philosophy.

WILL AND ARIEL DURANT

Los Angeles

Sir:


From John Glenn's simple and elevating faith to the mire and miasma of Tennessee Williams in seven days! Does this shift in TIME's covers illustrate what is wrong in America today?

(THE REV.) C. R. STEGALL JR.

Westminster Presbyterian Church
Fort Walton Beach, Fla.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR should be addressed to TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N.Y.

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Once the first sale is made to an account, personal visits aren't always necessary to get follow-up orders. Regular telephone contacts can take care of many of them.

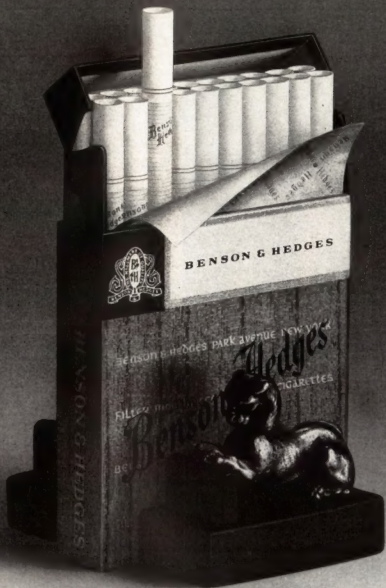
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THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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A letter from the PUBLISHER

Bernard M. Auer

IN the category-making so dear to journalism, the city generally comes under the file marked Problems. The subject suggests TV panels where earnest sociologists talk of urban renewal, of megalopolis, juvenile delinquency, blight, population movement and traffic. The mayors of these vast places seem to spend their time either shaking hands with somebody for the photographer or complaining of their burdens. TIME, a city-made product itself, takes up the subject this week by selecting, but not at random, the mayors of five U.S. cities—New York, Chicago, Boston, Houston and Los Angeles. Its cover story verifies the existence of all the problems everyone complains about, but tries to bear in mind that many of the problems of the city are the price of its attraction to such numbers of people that they get in one another's way. The story was written by Richard Oulahan Jr., who, as a typical New Yorker, works in Manhattan and commutes home to Yonkers, but once the kids grow up (all seven of them) dreams of moving into The Plaza. The TIME bureaus of five cities contributed their thousands of words, and the story was researched by Dorothea Bourne, who in girlhood lived on a ten-acre ranch that is now part of the city of Los Angeles. The editor was Ed Jamieson, who has endeavored to let no bias show in favor of his native Boston.

THE Problems of the world—Khrushchev's threat to lob rockets to the underside of the U.S., the gathering in Geneva, and the unfire in Guatemala and Viet Nam—all find their proper places in this week's news budget. But some of the out-of-the-way stories in the issue are not to be missed. Just as France's famed gourmet *Guide Michelin* (see THE WORLD) confers one, two or three stars on France's best restaurants and decrees which are "worth a detour," our own chef has a few *spécialités de la maison* to commend:

- The girl in the suitcase, or how to get out of Communist East Germany in the worst way (see THE WORLD).

• The new match game, in which the first player doesn't seem to have a chance, one of the more comprehensible features of the new French movie, *Last Year at Marienbad* (see MODERN LIVING).

• The way in which Tula Ellice Finklea, Doris Kappelhoff, Archie Leach, Frederick Austerlitz, Norma Jean Baker, Dino Crevetti and Roy Fitzgerald became household names, though not their own (see SHOW BUSINESS).

Once these appetizers have been sampled, either in a detour or in their proper sequence, the rest of the news may be approached in a confident frame of mind. It has never been a *Time* rule that the magazine must be read from front to back, though most people do. Those who skip ahead to their favorite section—whether it be People, Medicine or Art—or take a preliminary skim of the magazine, just looking at the pictures and reading what catches their eye, have our affection too. We have a first page but not a Front Page, and the writers and editors in what we call our back of the book like to think that theirs too is the Front Page news in their field.

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How much is television worth to you?

Small "peep show TV" is no bargain at any price when only pennies a day can give your family a whole new world of enjoyment—bigger, clearer pictures and living sound that give every program the most dramatic realism you've ever experienced.

Magnavox offers you more TV per dollar: 330 sq. in. pictures twice as big as 19" sets . . . with far better sound and greater dependability . . . all for less cost per sq. in. than even the cheapest 19" portable. Since TV enjoyment is proportionate to picture size, you pay more for small screen sets, and get less for your money in many other ways:

New Magna-vision 330 TV not only gives you **beautiful pictures** twice as big as 19" sets; but also living, undistorted sound—all automatically! For **Video-matic**, a new Magnavox invention, makes all picture and tuning adjustments electronically and automatically—to give you the best pictures you've ever seen, day or night—always perfectly, and far better than you could by continually fussing with controls.

Video-matic is fool-proof—an electronic eye measures constantly varying room light and electronically adjusts both brightness and contrast for best picture programming.

TOTAL REMOTE CONTROL—optional on many models—changes channels, controls volume, turns set completely off. Combined

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Or, Magna-vision 400—is the most spectacular and biggest picture in TV! It will bring you thrilling, life-size pictures on a 400 sq. in. screen . . . plus more enjoyment per dollar than anything else in TV—including color! Choose from a wide variety of models in slim, elegant furniture.

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Magnavox is also the most dependable—so trouble-free that only Magnavox guarantees service, as well as all parts and tubes for a full year in Gold Seal models.

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A Magna-vision 330 fully Automatic TV in Normandy Provincial.

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Biggest, most spectacular picture of all with chromatic 400 sq. in. screen. Sixteen models priced from only \$298.50.



COLOR TV with 244 sq. in. screen. The Classic Contemporary, \$795.

Color TV, too! For your luxury set, Magnavox offers you six elegant models in fine woods, priced from \$695.

THE NATION

THE CONGRESS

Restiveness

As the Kennedy Administration assaulted Capitol Hill last week with a bundle of legislative requests, signs of restiveness appeared among Democrats in both the Senate and the House. The President's personal popularity with the voters was obvious. Yet the mail in Congressmen's boxes was running heavily against many of his programs. And though Kennedy had a clear majority in both houses, his programs were clearly in trouble.

Many party regulars were willing to blame the President for at least part of the trouble. They are worried that he too often proposes legislation that he expects to be defeated—such as public-school aid, an urban affairs department at Cabinet level and a sweeping antiracism program—primarily to create campaign issues. To such men, Kennedy seems to be less interested in a bill's substance than in a label that appeals to voting blocs, such as the aged on medical care. More than one loyal Democrat is complaining that in his fascination for political maneuvering, Kennedy is neglecting the fundamental chore of giving active leadership to the Democrats on the hill. Even House Speaker John McCormack has repeatedly had to ask the President for guidance on just what he really wanted—or would settle for.

Apart from legislative issues, there was a vaguely defined feeling of discontent with the President that one loyal leading House Democrat described as "the malaise." Its cause: a suspicion that the President is more involved in preparing to win big himself in 1964 than he is with the immediate problems of Democrats who will run in 1962. In fact, many Democrats feel that with Brother Ted's announcement for the Senate, the so-called Kennedy dynasty is looming too large for comfort, and is bound to give the Republicans ammunition.

Strong evidence of the Democrats' restiveness is the fact that they willingly let Carl Vinson, chairman of the House Armed Services Committee and a long-time party bulwark, threaten a floor fight over the RS-70 long after the President and Defense Secretary Robert S. McNamara expressly announced their opposition to expanding the bomber program. Congressional Democrats may thus be serving notice on President Kennedy that they are not above jabbing his ribs if he does not pay them more dutiful attention.

FOREIGN AID

Open Season

To many Americans—both Democratic and Republican—foreign aid is a painful necessity at best, a downright giveaway at worst. This feeling has encouraged Congress to make a tradition of wielding an ax at presidential foreign aid requests. Last week, President Kennedy asked Con-



AID BOSS HAMILTON.
Explanations for the war.

gress to appropriate \$4.9 billion for foreign aid in fiscal 1963, the biggest aid request since Dwight Eisenhower's \$5.1 billion whopper in 1953. Noting that it is "always open season" on foreign aid, Kennedy insisted that the sum was "vital to the interests of the U.S." and "cannot, I believe, be further reduced." But after such customary formalities, the President made a spirited challenge aimed at softening the blows of the waiting ax, even if it cannot stay them.

"I realize," said the President, "that there are among us those who are weary of sustaining this continual effort to help other nations. But I would ask them to look at a map [see map] and recognize that many of those whom we help live on the front lines of the long twilight struggle for freedom, that others are new na-

tions poised between order and chaos, and the rest are older nations now undergoing a turbulent transition of new expectations. Our efforts to help them help themselves are small in cost compared to our military outlays for the defense of freedom. Yet all of our armies and atoms combined will be of little avail if these nations fall.

Hard Look. Louisiana's Otto Passman, chairman of the House foreign aid appropriations subcommittee and a perennial foe of foreign aid, predictably called Kennedy's request "preposterous," and Kentucky's Republican Senator Thurston Morton warned: "A lot of us who have been friends of foreign aid are going to be looking at it mighty hard this year." Minnesota's Republican Representative Walter Judd suggested that the U.S. should "let a few of these countries go to the Communists" so that the others will not blackmail the U.S. into giving aid by threatening that they might also do so.

At his press conference, the President hit back at congressional rumblings. Sometimes, he said, those who "want to put the ax to foreign aid hardest are the ones who make the most vigorous speeches against Communism and call for a policy of victory." Anyone not interested in the fight against Communism, added Kennedy, should go ahead and cut the bill.

The Congress will almost certainly do just that, probably by the 15% to 20% that it usually lops off aid bills. But Kennedy's hope is to stave off deeper cuts in the face of general congressional weariness with foreign aid. To assuage the aid program's critics, he pointed out that the Administration's new aid program began only four months ago and has not had time to operate perfectly. Though he is sending a whole battery of top lieutenants to preach the new program's virtues to Congress, the chief job of making reforms and selling them to Congress falls on Fowler Hamilton, 50, a Wall Street lawyer who took over last fall as boss of the renamed Agency for International Development, has since won both Kennedy's and Congress' respect.

Tougher Lorgesse. Hamilton already has tightened up his staff, tirelessly buttonholed Congressmen to argue the merits of aid. Hoping to head off traditional gripes, he went to Capitol Hill last week to present his case to the House Foreign Affairs Committee. Non-Communist Western countries have increased their aid 40% in the past five years to \$3.3 billion a year, said Hamilton, and "these other free world countries are actually contrib-

uting a larger proportion of their gross national products to foreign assistance than is the U.S." Furthermore, said Hamilton, foreign aid does not appreciably affect the U.S. gold outflow: more than 80% of the procurement of goods under the program takes place in the U.S., and only 2% is spent in countries with which the U.S. has an unfavorable balance of trade.

The U.S. has already begun to be tougher in dispensing aid, now insists that aid countries pass social and economic reforms before they enjoy U.S. largesse. When one nation asked for U.S. money for better housing in its capital city, U.S. aides found that it intended to build the housing in a swank section. The U.S. insisted that the nation would get no money unless it attacked the city's slums—and the poor in one section of the city are now getting new housing, plumbing and electricity. Says Hamilton: "Money and progress march along together. If our requirements aren't met for each stage, they don't get the money." Just as important to the program, Congress also demands progress—and will need a lot more evidence of it before relinquishing its cherished role of examining foreign aid.

DEFENSE

Counterattack

Defense Secretary Robert McNamara has been under fire from some big guns because of his go-slow approach to the development of the RS-70, the Air Force's reconnaissance-strike superbomber. First, General Curtis LeMay, the Air Force's cigar-chomping Chief of Staff, bluntly charged that McNamara was endangering the nation's security. Then Chairman Carl Vinson of the House Armed Services Committee sided with LeMay, backed a bill that would give the Pentagon a direct order to speed construction of the RS-70. Last week McNamara, his patience gone, called a press conference to fire a salvo of facts and figures calculated to shoot down the RS-70—and his critics as well.

The RS-70 is the Air Force's new version of the controversial 2,000-m.p.h. B-70, which both the Eisenhower and Kennedy Administrations cut back out of fear that the sleek bomber would be outmoded by missiles before it ever got into the air. This year the Air Force wants to modify the B-70 plans and build the RS-70, which would be designed to fly over an enemy country hit by U.S. mis-

siles, inspect the damage by radar, radio back reports and attack surviving targets with nuclear-tipped missiles. LeMay and Vinson, insisting that the U.S. will continue to need such bombers for some time, want to spend \$491 million next fiscal year on a crash program to develop the RS-70. McNamara and President Kennedy want to spend only \$171 million to continue development of three prototype RS-70s.

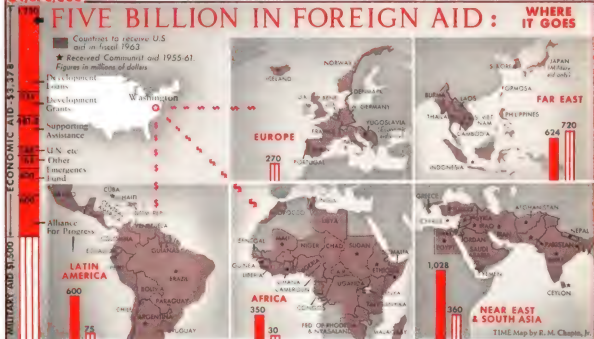
With all the information on file in his mind, McNamara ticked off his case against the RS-70:

► Since the RS-70 could not be adapted for airborne alert—patrolling the skies with a full load of arms—it would be a sitting duck on the ground for any surprise attack. Nor could the high-altitude RS-70 dodge enemy radar by streaking in for low-level attacks.

► The fleet of 150 RS-70s called for by the Air Force would cost \$10 billion by 1970, more than half of the Air Force budget for this year.

► By 1967, when the Air Force would just be getting its RS-70s into operation, the U.S. will be protected by over 1,000 Atlas, Titan and Minuteman missiles, plus 650 Polaris missiles carried by submarines and more than 700 B-52s and B-58s.

\$4,878,500



NEARLY every non-Communist nation in the world gets some U.S. aid—economic, military or both—the only important exceptions being Canada, the Republic of South Africa and the traditional European neutrals, Switzerland, Sweden and Ireland. Though the U.S. Government has a longstanding policy of keeping nation-by-nation aid figures "classified," it releases regional breakdowns that sharply illustrate different geographical distributions for economic and military aid. Economic aid goes mainly to the "underdeveloped," mostly neutralist nations of Africa, Asia and

Latin America. Military aid goes mainly to NATO members and to pro-Western or Communist-menaced nations of the Far East (the high military aid total for "Near East & South Asia" is misleading because the U.S. Government includes NATO members Greece and Turkey in that category). Western Europe, the principal recipient of economic aid under the Marshall Plan, now gets virtually no economic aid. Aside from Greece, the only European political entities scheduled to receive economic aid in fiscal 1963 are West Berlin, Spain and Yugoslavia—an odd assortment of special cases.

Without a single RS-70, said McNamara, U.S. retaliatory forces "would achieve practically complete destruction of the enemy target system—even after absorbing an initial nuclear attack."

► The RS-70 could do its job only if equipped with highly sophisticated electronic gear and nuclear missiles that have not even been designed, let alone built. McNamara proposed spending an additional \$52 million next fiscal year to see if the electronic equipment planned for the RS-70 is feasible.

Only a day after McNamara's salvo, Air Force Secretary Eugene M. Zuckert stopped pushing for a stepped-up RS-70 program and fell in line with the Defense Secretary. That arrayed President Kennedy, McNamara, all three service secretaries and every member of the Joint Chiefs of Staff except Curt LeMay behind a throttled-back RS-70 program. Undeterred, Carl Vinson's committee sent to the House its bill to force the RS-70 on the Administration.

THE ADMINISTRATION

Queen of America

"Mrs. Kennedy, *Zindabad*!"—long live Mrs. Kennedy. That was the cry that welled up in thousands of Indian throats last week as Jacqueline Kennedy paraded across India in triumph, more than making up by her charm, good looks and splendidly attired figure for three postponements and at least 47 separate schedule changes. The trip, undertaken as a result of Prime Minister Nehru's personal invitation, was semi-official, but it had most of the trappings, tight schedules and points-of-interest panoply of a full-fledged state visit. Hailed as the *Amruti Rani*, or Queen of America, Jackie was accompanied wherever she went by elegantly attired attendants who, with their turbans tilting solicitously, served her food, protected her with parasols from India's searing sun, and performed the sundry duties that attend a queen—even of America.

Inevitably, there were the prescribed calls. Jackie journeyed to the burning ghat on the Jumna River, laid a bouquet of white roses on the spot where Gandhi was cremated in 1948. Visiting a home for vagrant boys in Delhi and the children's ward of a hospital, she made her first *namastes*—the Indian palms-together greeting—and tried out her Hindi ("What is your name?"). She also paid a call on India's President Rajendra Prasad at the presidential palace in New Delhi, and though she ate Western food during most of her trip, gamely dug down to chicken *korma* and *alu-mattar*, washed down with spiced orange punch.

"She Wears 10A." With such courtesies attended to, Jackie boarded a special air-conditioned train for a look at India's tourist attractions. At Fatehpur Sikri, she watched in fascination as breechclothed youths made a risky, 100-ft. dive off a rampart into a well—and then did it all over again when Jackie discovered that her sister, Lee Radziwill, who was traveling with her, had fallen behind and missed



JACKIE WITH SISTER AT NEHRU DINNER



GREETING CHILDREN'S WARD



FEEDING AN ELEPHANT

Also chicken *korma*, *alu-mattar* and spiced orange punch.

the show. Sailing down the Ganges River on a marigold-decorated boat, Jackie inspected the burning and bathing ghats along the shore. In Agra she was "overwhelmed by a sense of awe" at the sight of the shimmering Taj Mahal in sun and moonlight. "I have seen pictures of the Taj," she said, "but for the first time I am struck with a sense of its mass and symmetry. The Indians, who crowded in everywhere for a glimpse of her, were also overwhelmed. Said a confused cab driver who recalled President Eisenhower's 1959 visit: 'Why is a young woman like that married to such an old man?'"

A spokesman had sternly announced that "Mrs. Kennedy does not regard this trip as a fashion show." But the 70-odd correspondents with her paid no heed. Whether she wore a Cassini evening dress or a Tassell gown—all duly recorded by reporters—Jackie shone even among the colorful saris of the Indian women around her. When she slipped off her shoes and put on violet velvet slippers to visit the memorial to Mahatma Gandhi, Chicago *Daily News* Correspondent Keyes Beech was quick to peek inside the shoes, tri-

umphantly cabled home: "I can state with absolute authority that she wears 10A and not 10AA." So clothes-conscious were the newsmen that they even asked U.S. Ambassador to India John Kenneth Galbraith who had designed his suit.

Ev & Charlie. Jackie donned jodhpurs for a few jumps on a horse named Princess. Her ride was flawless, but an embarrassed Indian officer was thrown. Said the First Lady of her horse at ride's end: "She jumped like a bird." Jackie fed pandas and an elephant, watched a cobra rise to music, saw a battle between a mongoose and a snake. Among the many gifts she received were a pair of tiger cubs that were first named Ev and Charlie (for G.O.P. Congressional Leaders Everett Dirksen and Charles Halleck)—until one turned out to be a female. It was all very exotic, exciting, and a bit exhausting for anyone—even though Jackie occasionally managed to sleep late. But there was more to come. At week's end she flew into Udaipur for a restful stay at the palace of its Maharana before embarking on a five-day visit to Pakistan and its gallant, military-trained President Ayub Khan.



TED KENNEDY & WIFE
Beyond the name, what capabilities?

MASSACHUSETTS

Wave of Neutrality

To hear the agonizing in Boston last week, you'd have thought that Cardinal Cushing was running against the Pope—the choice was that hard. In the rough-and-tumble world of Massachusetts Democratic politics, where a moment's indecision can make a roomful of enemies, politicians were struck by a sudden outbreak of public neutrality. The cause of it all was Edward M. ("Ted") Kennedy's long-expected announcement that he is a candidate for the U.S. Senate, that he would ordinarily be a fine thing—except that Ted thus placed himself on a collision course with another dynastic figure: state Attorney General Edward McCormack (8, nephew of House Speaker John McCormack, who wants the Democratic Senate nomination just as badly as Ted, Groaned Democratic Ward Chairman Theodore Dimauro of Springfield: "This is the hottest thing that I've ever been involved in."

The politician's discomfort did not seem to bother Ted Kennedy, who announced less than six weeks after he turned to the legal-age requirement for a Senator. While two police sergeants and a bevy of patrolmen directed traffic outside his nine-room house near the Charles River, he strode into his living room with his blonde, tanned wife Joan at his side. A young man held up large cue cards, and Ted faced a battery of microphones and television and newsreel cameras. Said Ted: "I make this decision in full knowledge of the obstacles I will face, the charges that will be made. Massachusetts must have a Democratic voice in the councils of the Senate—a voice that will be heard."

Embarrassed & Annoyed. What did Ted's big brother think about that? Though Ted had talked the matter over with the President, none of the Kennedys

had tried to dissuade him from his course. A private poll had already shown that Ted would win in the primary by 2 to 1. Asked at his news conference if he would give Ted his support, the President replied: "My brother is carrying this campaign on his own and will conduct it in that way." Attorney General Robert Kennedy, predicting that Brother Ted would win, suggested that the President might campaign for him after the primary. Ted himself announced that he did not expect any help from either brother. But anyone who knew politics—or the Kennedys—was sure that Ted would benefit mightily not only from the presidential image, but from the Kennedy money, manpower and influence.

Whatever help Ted may or may not get, it seemed sure that his candidacy would be no help to the President. With a third Kennedy ready to enter the national political scene, both Republicans and Democrats in Washington buzzed last week with renewed talk of a Kennedy dynasty. Some House leaders feel that the Kennedy-McCormack race in Massachusetts is already straining the President's relations with the House, and may make it hard for him to work candidly with the men under John McCormack, Democrats, somewhat annoyed at Teddy, are sure that the race will be an embarrassment, no matter who wins. Republicans feel that in the dynasty theme they have found an issue to use against the President in the fall.

No Assurance. An amateur who wants to start at the top, Ted Kennedy is not automatically assured of victory. In Eddie McCormack he faces an experienced pro who has served as president of the Boston city council, won election to the state attorney-generalship twice, and built up a strong state organization. Many a politician owes favors to the McCormacks because of John McCormack's long control of Massachusetts patronage; and many another feels that Jack Kennedy has not done enough for the state since his election. Besides, Eddie McCormack thinks that he has found a surefire issue in 40% Catholic Massachusetts: he has come out openly for federal aid to parochial schools.

Ted Kennedy looks like his brothers, sounds like them, even uses the same gestures—but he has not yet demonstrated that he has the same capabilities. He has worked hard to build up an image of public service as an unpaid assistant D.A. in Boston's Suffolk County, made several trips abroad to broaden his knowledge. For more than a year, he has spoken to nearly any group in Massachusetts that would listen to him—but he has had nothing really new or weighty to say about either foreign affairs or the problems of Massachusetts. On the question of aid to parochial schools, he understandably hedged, but finally agreed with the President that across-the-board federal grants were unconstitutional.

Still, the Kennedy name is magic in a state where an obscure Gillette Co. clerk named John F. Kennedy (no kin) could be three times elected state treasurer over

the opposition of his own Democratic Party. But right now, as far as party Democrats are concerned, it is also something of an allatross. Both Eddie and Ted have announced that they intend to go to the voters regardless of the state Democratic convention's choice in June, presumably to battle with each other while they fight off likely G.O.P. Candidate George Lodge, 33, son of Henry Cabot Lodge. So split are Massachusetts Democrats that many oldtimers have declined to be party delegates this year. When they are finally forced to jump, the pro-fervently hope that they will jump the right way. Says a state senator: "Both the Kennedys and the McCormacks are great haters, you know."

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Roses from Russia

Walking quietly into Washington's Union Station one afternoon last week to entrain for a Princeton trustees' meeting, former CIA Chief Allen Dulles found himself in unexpected company. On the lookout for his own train, he ambled into a crowd gathered on a platform, quickly realized his mistake. Asked Dulles, peering around in puzzlement: "What is this?" Newsmen quickly told him what it was: a reception committee for Anatoly Fedorovich Dobrynin, 42, who arrived in the U.S. last week as the Soviet Union's new Ambassador to the U.S.

Wearing a fashionable black Chesterfield overcoat, the tall, polished Dobrynin stepped off the midday express from New York with his attractive brunette wife Irina Nikolaevna at his side. Russian embassy staffers showered him with roses thrust out carnations. Dobrynin lost no time in dispensing his own roses. Smiling graciously and speaking in slightly accented English, he quoted Thomas Jefferson on the "remarkable similarity" between Americans and Russians, extended "the



RUSSIA'S DOBRYNIN & WIFE
Beyond the polish, what new?

friendly greetings of my people." Then he climbed into a black Zil limousine and sped off to the Soviet embassy.

Ever since former Ambassador Mikhail ("Smiling Mike") Menshikov left Washington in early January, the taciturn Soviet diplomatic delegation has been even quieter than usual under the interim command of Minister Counselor Mikhail Smirnovsky. While it waited for Dobrynin's arrival, official Washington had had time to ponder his credentials. A skilled diplomat and a top Soviet expert on the U.S., Dobrynin served at the Soviet embassy in Washington from 1952 to 1955. Later, at the U.N., he was Dag Hammarskjöld's Under Secretary for Political and Security Council Affairs. He attended the Geneva summit conference in 1955 and the Kennedy-Khrushchev meeting at Vienna in 1961.

This week or next Dobrynin was to present his credentials to President Kennedy at the White House. Until he got to work, Washington could not be sure whether he was an improvement or not—but there were some encouraging signs. Dobrynin is young, intelligent, and far more relaxed with Americans than Menshikov, whose major trademark was a stiff, frozen grin. For a Soviet diplomatic couple, the Dobrynins have unusual social poise, even dress like Americans. On the art- and athletics-conscious New Frontier, they are likely to contribute more than Menshikov to Washington's social whirl. Both are accomplished skiers (he also plays tennis), and Mrs. Dobrynin plays the piano well, has a broad knowledge of U.S. art and literature. But Washington would be surprised indeed if Dobrynin displayed the one quality that Soviet diplomats, however polished, rarely bring along with them: flexibility.

NEVADA

"Forever at an End"

Grey-haired, bespectacled Washoe County District Court Judge Grant L. Bowen, 63, sat in his chambers and peered out the window into Reno's Virginia Street, hoping to catch a glimpse of the arriving plaintiff. "This is a great break for Reno," he said to New York *Daily News* Correspondent Bill Berry. "It may mean Alabama-bound divorce seekers will come here again."

The divorcee sought that morning was Mrs. Mary Todhunter Clark Rockefeller, 54, who, after putting in the required six weeks of residence in Nevada, was ready to dissolve her marriage to New York's Governor Nelson Rockefeller, 53—at his request.

At 8:48 a.m., William K. Woodburn, Mrs. Rockefeller's lawyer, walked into the county clerk's office and filed Case No. 197,412. It was a two-page complaint charging that Mrs. Rockefeller had been treated "with extreme cruelty, entirely mental in character, which caused the plaintiff great unhappiness and injured her general health." He also asked that "all persons be excluded from the court," as permitted by Nevada law.

Two minutes later Kenneth P. Dillon, Nelson Rockefeller's lawyer, filed the Governor's reply, which he had sworn to under oath before a New York notary four weeks ago. It said, with utmost simplicity: "The defendant denies each and every, all and singular, allegations."

At 9 o'clock, wearing a wool suit, a bluish tweed overcoat and a beanie hat, Mrs. Rockefeller walked through a rear entrance into the courthouse with her sons Rodman, 29, and Steven, 25. Mrs. Rockefeller showed some strain as she walked past the popping flashbulbs. Her sons left her for an anteroom, and she walked into the courtroom. It is a large



MRS. ROCKEFELLER & SON RODMAN
Case No. 197,412.

chamber with azure walls and gilded frieze. Except for Judge Bowen, the two lawyers, and three court attendants, she was alone.

"When you arrived," her lawyer asked, "was it your intention to live here indefinitely and make Nevada your home?"

"Yes."

"Has that intention abided with you until the present day?"

"Yes."

"Is it still your present intention?"

"Yes."

These are standard questions in any Nevada divorce. Allegation and denial were read; there was some conversation about the property settlement. Then Judge Bowen said: "This marriage is forever declared at an end." It was the 694th divorce granted in Reno this year.

At 9:23, the new divorcee emerged from the courtroom, holding tightly to her sons' arms. She made a wrong turn, which took her to the Marriage Bureau (which is, indeed, the next stop for many Reno divorcees). Leaving by the rear door, she

stepped into her lawyer's car and was whisked off to the airport for the short hop to San Francisco. There she and her sons waited for 3½ hours. Then Mary Rockefeller boarded a plane for her native Philadelphia—where she and Nelson Rockefeller had been married 31 years, eight months and 19 days before.

THE JUDICIARY

One for the G.O.P.

When Presidential Candidate John F. Kennedy promised that he would pick each federal judge not by "his political party but his qualifications for the office," many welcomed his words as a pledge to scrap the ancient prerogative of the President to salt the federal bench heavily with members of his own party. But Kennedy, once in office, found the temptation politically irresistible. He re-nominated three Eisenhower candidates for the bench, but of the first 95 appointees picked by his own Administration, there was nary a Republican. Last week, Kennedy finally got around to appointing his first G.O.P. judge: Jesse Ernest Eschbach, 41, who was nominated to the U.S. District Court for Indiana.

Small-town Lawyer Eschbach has harbored an ambition to be a federal judge ever since he was in Indiana University's School of Law—but it long looked as if he might not make it. He served a hitch in the wartime Navy between college and law school, later settled down to a general law practice in Warsaw, Ind. (pop. 7,234), but left the law for a couple of years to try his hand as an officer of a furniture-manufacturing company. Though he has dabbled in politics, he has never held elective office, was not widely known in his state. Kennedy cast his lightning at Warsaw on the recommendation of an old law-school associate of Eschbach's, Indiana's Democratic Senator Vance Hartke—even though Eschbach's county gave Richard Nixon 13,539 votes to Kennedy's 5,839 in 1960.

The Administration intends to appoint about ten more Republicans among the 38 judgeships that remain to be filled. Like Eschbach, most of them will probably get appointments in areas that are already solidly Republican (and are thus not likely to be swayed by federal favors) or in populous states (New York, Illinois and California) where several Democrats have already been chosen and the party is satisfied. Once this is done, Kennedy's score on partisanship will be little different from that of his predecessors: Roosevelt named 208 Democrats and 8 Republicans, Truman 129 Democrats and 13 Republicans, Eisenhower 175 Republicans and 11 Democrats. The American Bar Association, which has given Kennedy generally good marks for the quality of his selections to date, feels that he missed an unusual chance to continue the partisan balance left by Eisenhower (161 Republicans, 160 Democrats). But the demands of party loyalty are strong—and no one really expected that Jack Kennedy would ignore them.



NEW BUILDINGS IN DOWNTOWN HOUSTON
Kings and gods dwell in citadels.

CITIES

The Renaissance

[See Cover]

Spring crept warily over the U.S. last week, bringing the first familiar signs of nature's rebirth. For many, it was a time to be in the country, where the streams quickened and the air was soft and inviting. But it was in the great cities, where nature is often no more than a slit of sky above the concrete canyons or a bouquet on a secretary's desk, that the rites of spring were most warmly celebrated. In Manhattan, the center stripe down Fifth Avenue turned leprechaun green (as it always does in spring), and 120,000 people marched in honor of an ancient Irish saint. In German *Bierstuben*, Milwaukee toasted spring with the first malty hock of the season. Philadelphians filled the benches of Rittenhouse Square, turning their pale faces upward to greet the warming sun. And Washington was in an April mood as the first boisterous busloads of visiting students arrived on spring vacation.

The cities stirred—but it was more than the zephyrs of spring that stirred them. For thousands of years, since ancient Ur rose on the banks of the Euphrates, man has sought out the city as a place of wonder and opportunity, a citadel of art and learning, the home of kings and gods. In the U.S., in the spring of 1962, he did not have to look far in any direction to find its towers near at hand. Never in history has a society been so urbanized: seven out of every ten Americans, 125 million strong, live in cities and towns, and each year another million acres of rural land are consumed by the spreading environs. It is to the big city, with its consuming appetite for life, that the nation turns for its leadership and its challenge.

Never has the big city offered so much.

And never before has it grappled with such problems—so complex and enormous that the President is fighting for a federal Department of Urban Affairs to help the nation's cities deal with them. "We are going to have an urban department," said John Kennedy. "It may not come this year, but in my opinion it will become as necessary and inevitable as the Department of Agriculture and HEW." Many people, in and out of the cities, take sharp issue with the President, holding that the cities are already doing the job themselves and do not need another federal crutch. But no one denies that, whoever does it, there is a lot yet to be done in the big cities.

Making Tradition. The civilized world savors the pleasures and treasures of Rome. Paris and the other Old World cities whose everyday lives are still cosseted in tradition. Beside them, the modern American city seems a muscular, lunging, rollicking giant, straining toward new heights and making up his own tradition as he climbs. Yet for all their indiscriminate bustle, the big cities of the U.S. have developed distinct personalities of their own, with much deeper differences than a palm tree or a peep show might suggest. Of them all, five cities, spread from coast to coast and north to south, reflect both the endless variety of metropolitan America and the ties that bind the cities of the U.S. together, for better or for worse, in their common problems and strivings.

New York is the overwhelming, rich and powerful woman, the pacesetter and arbiter of national taste. a woman of contrasts whose feet are planted firmly in the subway while her tiara punches the clouds. On the shore of Lake Michigan stands big-shouldered Chicago, a gambling man, a gandy dancer, a latter-day John Bunyan whose self-conscious gazes into his mirror reflect the pride and simplicity

of the U.S. heartland. There is intellectual Boston, a lady of quality with whalebone traditions, who has hitched up her skirt and gone to work without losing her manners, keeping her balance with an infusion of wild Irish blood into her Yankee veins. In the bayous of Gulf Coast Texas stands Houston, a young, lusty oilman with a fat wallet, unfenced-in tastes and opinions that tend to be conservative. And Los Angeles, on the Pacific shore, is a fast-growing, outdoor girl—a lady with jet contrails ruffling her hair, celluloid coiled around her feet, and a reputation for capriciousness that she does not wholly deserve.



GENERAL READING ROOM IN
Within the citadel

The job of running these big, often balky cities, with their honking traffic problems, endless building and demolition, civic scandals and sinister crimes is one that would tax and unnerv a Caesar. The proper mayor of the modern U.S. city is not merely a civil servant, a political boss and a ceremonial ribbon snipper; nowadays he must be a skilled sociologist, a knowledgeable planner, a first sergeant, a public relations expert and a television performer. For better or worse, he is the image of his city—and to a remarkable degree. His Honor usually mirrors his city's personality.

► New York's Robert Ferdinand Wagner, 51, son of a German immigrant who became a U.S. Senator, rules over 250,000 city employees and nearly 8,000,000 citizens with a mixture of detachment and passionate involvement. Democrat Bob Wagner has won three terms as mayor under two hats: one of a Tammany Hall choice and supporter, the other of a reformer fighting the machine. Wagner has a talent for attracting controversies, but he is fortunate in his enemies; they always manage to make him look better with their own gaffes. Though his administration has been pockmarked by scandal, Wagner is an honest and hard-working mayor who, like many other mayors, sees his statewide dominance over his party as a gantlet for a higher flight—in his case, to the governorship. Says Wagner: "It's an amazing city. I get a great thrill from being mayor here."

► Chicago's Richard Joseph Daley, 59, is not only mayor but absolute boss of the state Democratic machine and a formidable political manipulator with considerable "clout" on the national scene. Almost the last of the oldtime big-city bosses, he is a capable, Buddha-like civic leader who

has used his political power to make Chicago one of the best-run cities in the U.S. He still lives in the humble back-of-the-yards district where he was born, works late into the night at his office, and was embarrassed last week to learn that he had been chosen one of the best-dressed men in America.

► Boston's John Frederick Collins, 42, has the necessary Irish pedigree but, two generations removed from Cork, represents the new, hard-driving breed of Irish politician typified by the Kennedys. Polio permanently crippled him in 1955 but did not prevent him from winning the mayoralty four years later and setting out to revivify Boston. He has excellent relations with the Yankee hierarchy that rules Boston's business and finance, is the ablest mayor that the city has had since James Michael Curley first flexed his young muscles. In typical Boston fashion, Collins believes that "there is a little bit of Boston everywhere."

► Los Angeles' Samuel William Vorty, 52, is a maverick liberal turned conservative, whose close election ten months ago was considered a fluke. Politically ambitious, he has been learning his job while staying aloof from fellow Democrats, who are skeptical of his political leanings, and Republicans, who are pleased that he is a conservative. To him, "the West is still the land of opportunity," and, like most Angelenos, he was born "back East"—in Lincoln, Neb.

► Houston's Lewis Wesley Cutrer, 43, who has been elected mayor three times is a hard-working, continually optimistic man who believes in listening to the voice of the community before he takes any stand. He reflects Houston's pride in private enterprise and self-reliance by saying: "I am not one to run to Washington with my hand out." The only one of the five mayors who opposes a Federal Urban Affairs Department, he welcomes the Government's presence in a limited sphere. NASA's decision to move its astronaut program to Houston which inspired the Chamber of Commerce to subtitle the city "Space Center, U.S.A."

These men and their colleagues throughout the nation stand astride one of the greatest concentrations of wealth and power in history. New York City banks alone hold 39% of all the demand deposits in U.S. banks. Chicago's metropolitan area accounts for 5% of the gross output and income of the entire U.S. In metropolitan areas of more than 1,000,000 population are 44% of all U.S. manufacturing companies, 43% of all their employees, and 48% of the nation's manufacturing payroll; these areas also boast 62% of all the retail stores in the U.S. In providing for its citizens' needs, the big cities are the nation's biggest customers: it takes 800,000 truck trips daily to provide Chicagoans with their food, clothing and other necessities; New Yorkers each year require about 23 billion lbs. of food—including 2.1 billion lbs. of meat, 4.7 billion lbs. of fruits and vegetables and 155 million dozen eggs.



TRAFFIC CONGESTION IN CHICAGO
Dragons in the streets.

Suburban Doughnuts. But for all their accumulation of power and wealth, the cities have long been deep in trouble from which they are just beginning to emerge. Through the Depression and World War II, money that could have been spent on improvement, planning and maintenance was diverted to other more urgent causes. But the cities continued to grow as never before, as millions of unskilled and unschooled migrants from the South and other enfeebled areas poured in. Slums proliferated, crime grew alarmingly, and many middle-class families ran for the hills of suburbia. By 1947, when the municipal authorities began to take positive action, there was widespread talk that the great central cities would become empty holes, surrounded by vast suburban doughnuts.

Today, many problems remain as a heritage from the past, but the big cities are riding the crest of a renaissance that has turned their eyes determinedly toward a better future. The most dramatic sign of the renaissance is the biggest building boom in metropolitan history. Building permits totaling nearly \$10 billion were issued in 1961, with each permit a vote for the city's future.

New York's giant Pan Am Building under construction adjacent to Grand Central Terminal, is the world's largest office building, big enough to contain all the business offices of Little Rock, Spokane and Akron combined. Boston has \$1 billion worth of construction under way or being planned, including a \$150 million Prudential Center that will transform the city's Back Bay. Houston, with \$353 million worth of new construction either just completed or under way, is rushing to



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an endless variety.



WOODWIND CONCERT IN BOSTON'S GARDNER MUSEUM
A whalebone tradition and a giddy transfusion.

finish its 44-story Humble Oil & Refining Co. Building, a status skyscraper that will be the highest west of the Mississippi. Chicago has changed its profile with 26 new skyscrapers, will top it all off with a 631-ft. glass courthouse. And even sprawling, earthquake-prone Los Angeles is reaching up with steel fingers for a skyline that can be seen without stooping.

High & Low Life. In the face of a population decline in many central cities, the mayors and city planners are working hard to lure back suburban defectors—and head off any further exodus. "There is a great disenchantment with the suburbs," says New York's Mayor Wagner. "Many people are moving back to town." To attract them, Chicago is planning the construction of 50,000 new dwelling units in the heart of the city by 1980, has already cast at least one spectacular lure: the 65-story, twin-towered Marina City, with pie-wedge apartments and balconies with a fine view of the lake. Los Angeles has reversed its historic trend to single homes, is now building more apartments than houses.

Actually, city and suburb together—skyscraper offices and apartments in the center, surrounded by nuclei of bedroom towns, golf courses and freeways—are the wave of the present. The center provides most of the livelihood, the liveliness, and the nervous jostle; it is the gregarious gathering place of those who romanticize the wide-open spaces but prize the city's endless variety. Its attractions may be artificial or superficial, but they lure: a wide choice of movies to see, of restaurants to eat in, of places to go. For many, the city is where the good jobs and the higher incomes are—and they adjust as they can to its annoyances and hazards. In the city almost everything can be found but peace and quiet.

The New York Public Library has 7,000,000 books at the city dweller's disposal, and the daily crowds in its large reading rooms show that city folk keep them moving off the library's stacks. Boston, besides sponsoring one of the great symphony orchestras of the world and a host of chamber-music groups, offers 4,700 adult education courses. It would take months to see every painting in the 25 acres of the leading art museums of New York, Chicago and Boston, and no one knows how long it would take to traipse through New York's more than 300 art galleries.

A Nice Fat Monkey. New Yorkers can browse in shops devoted exclusively to cheese, doors, spices, buttons, magic charms, knishes. When a Manhattan radio station once called several pet shops jocularly asking for "a nice fat monkey to serve four," not a single pet-shop owner thought the request unusual. Nearly 3,000 birds and animals are available for scrutiny at the Bronx Zoo, which boasts the only mossy-throated bellbird in captivity. Most of the country's polished diamonds change hands on West 47th Street; but to make them less tempting to diamond-fancying thieves, no diamond exchange has a back door.

Dining out in Los Angeles can vary from the chandeliered elegance of Perino's, to any of hundreds of drive-ins featuring everything from pizza wedges to, so they say, gopherburgers. New York is no place for the hesitant diner though; its 17,000 restaurants purvey every type of cooking known to man, and some that may come from outer space, e.g., the Zen Tea Room. At the crowded bar of "21" at lunchtime, the urbane urbanite may rub elbows with celebrities. At the Forum the menu is written in mock Caesarian, and high above the city in the Tower Suite, lovers can drink

up the city's gaudy glass-and-steel view with their martinis. Or on a lower level, the tired businessman's lunch at a Sunset Strip eatery features a parade of bosomy ladies modeling lingerie. Chicago has a Chinese key club.

Los Angeles and Houston, being younger and warmer cities, have developed indigenous ways of urban life. In Los Angeles, it is the alfresco patio party almost all year round. In Houston, not only are offices, theaters and buses air-conditioned, but also many homes and thousands of cars—in fact, almost every enclosed place for at least six months every year. Without air conditioning, explains a new Texan, Houston would have remained a torpid tank town, and never made it to the status of a big city.

Far-Out Forum. The city overwhelms with its bigness but spawns littleness too. On Broadway, the near miss no longer survives. The theater goes for broke—a hit or a failure. And so off-Broadway begins as a low-budget protest, and soon becomes so sizable a financial investment that it, too, prices out the adventuresome. But the far-out still have the coffeehouses as a forum for beatnik poetry, strained through the beard.

The city seems to bring together likes: people united by their specialized work (the clusters of intellectuals around the city campuses, the scientists, the editors, the admen, the garment workers) or by their special interests at play (the bowlers, the painters, the weekend sailors). It is they who supply the metropolitan vitality. Unhappily, the part of the metropolis that advertises itself most blatantly to the passing tourist points to the jazz



MARTINIS IN NEW YORK'S TOWER SUITE
No place for the hesitant.

joints on Rush Street or the celebrity seekers in the Peppermint Lounge. Luckily for civilization, the flint of genius strikes its sparks generously on the steel of the city. Artists, writers, philosophers, scientists—all have made the city their natural habitat.

Dante's Inferno. For all its opulence and glamour, life in the big city is still a country mile from utopia. Rents are astronomical, and in New York, garaging a car can cost as much as \$65 a month, without service. New York's subway system, which carries 4,600,000 passengers a day, often resembles something straight out of Dante's *Inferno*. A snowstorm that could be ignored or scoffed at elsewhere can paralyze a big city for days. Smog often covers Los Angeles. Chicago has its biting wind, and New York is covered by 325 million lbs. of soot each year. The stark anonymity of living in a big city crushes as many as it invigorates. Loneliness is a common malaise, and the bars are full.

But such human pitfalls, for many the price of enjoying the city's advantages, are far removed from the big and basic problems that today's mayors must grapple with. The automobile has become the dragon in the streets of the city, choking off traffic, polluting the air, challenging pedestrians to perform incredible *veronicas*. In 1911 a horse and buggy could move through Los Angeles at a rate of 11 m.p.h.; in 1962 during the rush hours, the average car makes the same trip at 5 m.p.h. The touted freeways designed to aid entrance to and exit from the city are already outgrown, will reach their peak in 1968—eleven years before the entire 1,040-mile system will be completed. Most cities have seen their commuter lines dwindle, and lean heavily on inadequate transit systems. Says Boston's Mayor Collins: "If we were to adapt an urban civilization to everybody who's lazy enough to get out of the house right into his car, drive to the office and want to park near it, you'd have nothing in city after city but a big hole and an underground parking garage." The possibility of banning auto traffic altogether from midtown Manhattan is seriously discussed.

"No Cockroaches." On his way to the gleaming new office buildings and hotels the motorist often sees the least attractive side of many big cities: blight. Cities have always had their slums, but they are no longer taken for granted. With \$16.5 billion allocated for urban renewal across the U.S. since 1949 (\$2.5 billion by the Federal Government), the battle against blight is slowly being won. New York's urban renewal program has consumed as much money as the programs of all other U.S. cities, has cleared 7,000 badly blighted acres. Boston has a far-reaching urban renewal program that is currently demolishing the old Scollay Square area to make room for a \$150 million government center. While many big U.S. cities are still at the bulldozer stage, Chicago's major surgery is almost at an end; it has completed or nearly finished 36 clearance projects at a cost of \$121,500,000. Last week Truck



NEW BUILDINGS ON LOS ANGELES' WILSHIRE BOULEVARD
Jets in the hair and celluloid at the feet.

Loader Willie Adams and his family of five moved into Chicago's newest (and the nation's largest) public housing project. After living in three verminous rooms in a rooming house, the Adamses found it a paradise. Said Mrs. Adams: "It's like a dream, only better. Everything is new and clean—and no cockroaches." By 1967, Mayor Daley hopes that Chicago will have eliminated all its slums.

The urban renewers have come under heavy fire for displacing people who had nowhere to go, tearing down neighborhoods that could have been saved. Now they are trying to avoid both faults. New York and Boston are using "selective redevelopment" aimed at sprucing up old neighborhoods—such as Boston's historic North End—without heavy demolition and rebuilding. In many cities local citizens' committees are consulted at every step of redevelopment. Says Chicago's Mayor Daley: "You can't just rebuild a city physically without looking into the needs and wants of the people." When a Tennessee family in Boston refused to be lugged because they were ashamed to expose their shabby furniture, authorities arranged for a local Roman Catholic Church to provide them with a more presentable set, got their agreement to move.

Crime for Christmas. Despite such progress, the slums persist. As soon as a flophouse bed is vacated, it is immediately filled by one of the hordes of migrants who are once more moving north and west at the rate of thousands a day. In Charleston, Atlanta and other Southern cities, anonymous pamphlets urge Negroes to go north and live off fat charity provisions; their steady flow northward is creating an enormous and potentially explosive problem for the big cities. "What Chicago really needs," says a Chicago politician, "is a Point Four program in Mississippi." The Negro popu-

lation of Chicago has jumped from 8% in 1940 to 23%—and experts believe that at the present rate it will reach 40% in 1970. New York, with a steadily growing Negro population that now stands at 1,087,000 has also taken in three-fourths of its 600,000 Puerto Rican citizens since World War II. Often unskilled and unemployed, the newcomers are forced to live in dark and dingy tenements at exorbitant rents, often five or six to a room. They cause a drain on city welfare programs, often breed racial conflict.

The slums, the lack of employment and the ever shifting masses of people ill-prepared to live like sardines are reflected in the big city's high crime rate. The impression lingers in the public mind that crime in the big cities is still the special business of organized mobs. Chicago got rid of Al Capone, but it cannot get rid of Al Capone's body. The fact that there were 15 gang-style killings in Chicago last year—an unusually high number—helps sustain the impression.² Actually, the Chicago police look on the rise in rub-outs as a hopeful sign that the mob is in trouble.

The new, narrow-brim look in crime is disorganized, and therefore harder to spot than in the days of Eliot Ness—and much harder to control. Crime also has other disturbing new characteristics. Negroes make up 70% of the jail population in Chicago, where they are less than a fourth of the population, and have accounted for as much as 53% of all crimes of violence in Los Angeles, where their numbers are much smaller. But, though they make a hefty contribution, newcomers are far from the big city's only source of crime. Criminals naturally migrate to the big city to make good, just as the

² The all-time total of Chicagostyle killings, 602, with just 450 solved.



NEW LOW INCOME HOUSING IN CHICAGO
Never on end to surgery.

vaudeville acts used to do. New York's 24,500 police even have a seasonal run of criminals from Thanksgiving through Christmas because, says Deputy Police Commissioner Walter Arm, "the criminal has the same problem as everybody else. He wants money for Christmas shopping."

Great Obstacles. City officials believe that the answer to much of the rising crime rate lies in better education for the city's less fortunate citizens, but the sickness of the slums has spread to the schools in some big cities. Many parents of moderate income refuse to send their children to the public schools because they are either overcrowded or below accepted educational standards, either put them in expensive and increasingly difficult-to-enter private schools or move on to the suburbs. For the ordinary city student, there is no such escape. The cities are fighting to improve their schools, but the obstacles are great: a serious teacher shortage, ancient and even (in New York) rat-infested buildings, gross overcrowding, crime on the school grounds.

Los Angeles, which theoretically needs one new elementary school of 15 classrooms every week to keep up with its expanding school population, last week was building seven elementary schools and 23 additions to elementary schools, four new junior high schools and eleven additions, three new senior highs and four additions. Yet the mobility of its population often frustrates its planning; in some schools the turnover rate is as high as 155% in a semester. Even worse is the drop-out problem, which is particularly acute in cities with heavy immigration. Chicago's drop-out rate before high school is 50% (v. a 40% national average), and the rate zooms among Negroes. New York has a similar problem: nearly

two-thirds of the students in its public schools are now either Negro or Puerto Rican, and 17% of the Puerto Rican schoolchildren cannot speak English.

Unbelievable Domination. But the biggest job of education faced by the cities—one that dynamically affects many of their problems—is the enlightenment of the state legislatures. Many big cities struggle under almost unbelievable domination by the legislatures. Boston's Mayor Collins, for example, has no direct control over his own school system, transportation or police force—and has control over only 50% of the city's expenditures. New York City feels the heavy hand of Albany in many of its affairs; last week Mayor Wagner was unable to settle a citywide bus strike because he first had to confer at length with New York's Governor Rockefeller.

What irks the big cities even more is that for years they have borne the heavy burden of state financing as the heaviest payers of taxes, while the state legislatures, dominated by rural representatives, give back such niggardly sums to the cities that they are strapped for funds for such vital functions as education, law enforcement, urban renewal and transportation. Individual and corporate income taxes from Boston give the state of Massachusetts \$5,000,000 more than it returns to the city, and state aid granted to other cities and towns frequently includes the dastardly words "except Boston." "Los Angeles," complains Mayor Vorty, "has been badly neglected by the state of California." Yet it is hard for the cities to fight back. In California, State Senator Richard Richards of Los Angeles County is the sole representative of 6,000,000 people—while his 39 colleagues in the legislature represent 9,700,000.

If their country cousins turn a deaf ear to their pleas, the cities have another

course, which is the bogey of every state legislator who opposes the creation of a federal Department of Urban Affairs. The cities may be forced to bypass the state governments, which show little interest in their unique problems, and go directly to Washington for financial help. If that day comes, the states may lose their control over the big cities, thus eroding the U.S. system of federal-state government. In New York, there is the old proposition of seceding from Albany and joining the Union as a separate state; the city already has a population that exceeds that of 43 states.

Strip Cities. The immensity of the big cities of the U.S. holds a looming clue to their future. Experts predict that within 20 years most of the great cities will join together in massive megalopolitan complexes. Airline pilots first noted the trend, from the outstretching lights of the cities, a dozen years ago. Before long, the nation may be engulfed in great strip cities: a 600-mile giant stretching unbroken from Boston to Washington; another lining the Florida Coast, from Jacksonville to the Keys; a San Diego-San Francisco strip on the West Coast, and a Milwaukee-Chicago-Gary, Ind. megalopolis looping around Lake Michigan. The problems of such supercities defy imagination.

As they and their problems grow and grow, will the great cities of the U.S. be able to survive? The answer seems to be that they will survive just so long as man feels the need of their witness to his accomplishments and grandeur, just so long as he continues to heed that siren song of pomp, pleasure and stimulation. "They will not last if we do not care," said City Lover Leland Hazard, a Pittsburgh businessman, before a Boston conference on community problems. "A city does not endure by the work of hirelings. A city endures when its least and its greatest citizen love it alike and will live and work and die that it may be glorious."

MARKET BUSTLE IN BOSTON



THE WORLD

DISARMAMENT

The '62 Models

What the Genevans really cared about was the auto show.

In the Palais des Expositions, glittering new MG, Alfa Romeo and Mercedes models had been assembled for the city's annual automobile exhibition. There was only mild competition from the diplomats meeting in that hall of doom, the League



WEST AT GENEVA: RUSK, DEAN & HOME
Unwilling to be victim...

of Nations' old Palais, for last week's 17-nation disarmament conference. The West at least went out of its way to offer new accessories, but the Russian delegates had scarcely bothered to touch up their old, familiar model.

See No Evil. In 1960 diplomats had haggled fruitlessly for months over the two opposing disarmament schemes put forth by the West and by Russia. The Russians then, as now, offered a glittering but empty scheme for total abolition of all armies and weapons over a four-year period. The West also had a step-by-step program for armament cuts, but there was one big difference. The U.S. insisted on careful, on-the-spot verification to ensure that all countries 1) destroyed the arms they said they would destroy, and 2) did not replace them with other weapons manufactured secretly. Crying espionage, the Russians flatly rejected the idea of foreign investigators poking around their countryside, suggested instead that nuclear nations adopt a sort of honor system of "national" self-inspection.

It was this crucial question that seemed certain to produce a stalemate again at Geneva. Adding some further details to the U.S.'s basic disarmament plan—a 10% cut in conventional weapons and in

nuclear bomb carriers, such as rockets, within three years—U.S. Secretary of State Dean Rusk last week argued that "no government large or small could be expected to enter into disarmament arrangements under which their peoples might become victims of the perfidy of others." But if the Russians were so worried about inspectors, he said, the U.S. would be willing to discuss "sampling techniques," i.e., geographical spot checks, which would discourage treaty violations "without maintaining constant surveillance everywhere."

Rusk's suggestion certainly gave the Russians something to bargain about, but all the signs pointed to flat Soviet rejection. On the day after the main conference began, Soviet Delegate Semyon ("Scratchy") Tsarapkin met U.S. and British delegates to hear details of President John F. Kennedy's offer to cancel—for exchange for an inspected nuclear test-ban treaty—the U.S.'s own nuclear test series scheduled to begin in the central Pacific in late April. Tsarapkin abruptly rejected the offer.

Hollow Boost. Sitting nervously among the big nuclear powers were the eight "middlemen" of the U.N. disarmament meeting, the delegates of Brazil, Burma, Ethiopia, India, Mexico, Nigeria, Sweden and Egypt. Many were utter novices in the murky technicalities of the cold war, but, being wooed by both East and West, they soon rallied under the leadership of India's V. K. Krishna ("The Unspeakeable") Menon, Brazil's Foreign Minister Francisco San Thiago Dantas, for example, criticized the Soviet Union for last fall's tests, went right ahead to urge the U.S. to cancel its own spring series.

All the disarmament talk seemed even more futile when reports arrived of Nikita Khrushchev's latest speech in Moscow, plainly aimed at supporting Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko and his chief disarmament negotiator, peppery U.N. Ambassador Valerian Zorin, in the task of frightening the smaller nations. Again rejecting an "inspected test-ban treaty," Khrushchev boasted of a "new" Soviet "global rocket," which "is invulnerable to anti-missile weapons" and makes U.S. radar detection systems useless, since the rockets "can fly around the world in any direction and strike a blow at any set target." This was hardly news, and the U.S. could make the same claim, as proved by the 5,000-mile flight of a Titan II rocket on the very same day Khrushchev spoke. In Washington, Secretary of Defense Robert S. McNamara replied that U.S. nuclear striking power is so great that the nation could take a surprise attack, then destroy Russia and still have enough left over to counter a threat from any third power.

In Geneva, the delegates settled in for lots more talk about disarmament. Seasoned Arthur Dean, who will take over from Rusk next week as U.S. delegate, already was house hunting.

BERLIN

Sparks in the Sky

"I'm flying two meters above him. Now I can see his expression, and he can see mine ... I wave him down ... He waved back ... He did not move ... Can I get permission to shoot him down?"

These were the radioed words of a Soviet fighter pilot buzzing a Western transport plane in the skies near Berlin. Failing



EAST AT GENEVA: ZORIN & GROMYKO
... of other people's perfidy.

to get a reply from his Russian ground commander, the pilot did not fire. But the message, monitored by U.S. authorities, was evidence of dangerous new tension in Berlin's aerial war of nerves.

New Nuisance. On and off for several weeks, the Russians have been sending up fighters to harass Western planes. Last week the Reds announced dozens of air corridor flight plans that would put Soviet transport planes at precisely the same altitudes at precisely the same times previously allocated to Western aircraft. This maneuver turned out to be sheer bluff; the Russian flights usually were canceled at the last minute, or the pilots simply chose a distant, safer course. But Moscow now tried another nuisance technique.

Radar operators in the West Berlin air traffic control center were startled to find unusual pips showing up on their scopes. The signals were too small to be airplanes, much too concentrated to be a rainstorm. They were, in fact, reflections from great batches of aluminum chaff* dumped into the sky by high-flying Soviet planes. The

* Finsel-like strips, similar to the shredded British-designed material called window used with great success by R.A.F. and U.S. bombers in World War II to impair the accuracy of Hitler's radar-controlled antiaircraft guns.

idea, presumably, was to test new ways of confusing the flow of Western planes.

From a technical standpoint, the radar harassment was no major threat to today's sophisticated electronic gear, which allows skilled operators to "see" through such outmoded forms of jamming. But the West was concerned at the continual harassment. Noticeably annoyed, President Kennedy called dropping the aluminum chaff "a particularly dangerous kind of action." The U.S. seemed more determined than ever to fight if the Russians nudge too hard in the corridors, U.S. jet fighters, armed with Sidewinder missiles, recently have been aloft at the Western end of the Berlin air lanes, ready to reach the scene of trouble in minutes. Giant U.S. C-133 Cargomasters, capable of hauling huge trailer trucks, began practice runs up to West Berlin in case an airlift might soon be needed.

Doubletalk. At Geneva (see above), U.S. Secretary of State Dean Rusk and British Foreign Secretary Lord Home made Moscow's rough stuff over Berlin Topic A in their first talks with Russia's Andrei Gromyko. As reported by the New York *Herald Tribune's* Marguerite Higgins, there ensued some uncommonly blunt words among the three statesmen.

GROMYKO: "I know nothing of the difficulties you mention in the air corridor."

RUSK: "May I observe, Mr. Foreign Minister, that if there is a gap in your information, it could easily be rectified by one quick call to the Soviet Ministry of Defense in Moscow?"

GROMYKO: "And may I be permitted to observe, Mr. Rusk, that it is improper for the American Secretary of State to tell the Soviet Foreign Minister how to conduct his business?"

RUSK: "Mr. Gromyko, I have noted of late that Mr. Khrushchev seems to be speaking with two voices. One Mr. Khrushchev is the man of peace. The other Mr. Khrushchev is the one who makes the decisions in the air corridors. From now on, I am going to listen with two ears to establish which is the real Mr. Khrushchev."

GERMANY

Man with a Suitcase

Blond, blue-eyed Bernd Schmidt was captured at the age of 18. That was three years ago, when he and some other West German teen-agers went to the Leipzig Sports Festival in Communist East Germany. One day, passing a stadium exit Bernd Schmidt was caught in a throng of girls who came pouring from the field after a gymnastic display. Schmidt recalls: "Some were carrying their hoops high over their heads, others were rolling them. Suddenly, someone dropped a hoop over me. Everyone laughed."

Bernd Schmidt had been captured by Maria Hoelscher, an elfin girl with saucy brown eyes and a ponytail. He had to return to his home near Mannheim and his job as an apprentice lathe operator, but as soon as he saved enough money for them to marry, Maria planned to leave East Germany and join him. Then the Communists built the Wall, dividing the lovers as well as Germany. Last week Bernd Schmidt went again to Leipzig. He met Maria in a *Winecube* and they tried to think of a way to smuggle her out.

Prenatal Pose. "Could I fit into a suitcase?" she asked. Looking at her trim 5-ft., 100-lb. figure, Bernd gulped his drink and said they could try. If caught, Maria thought it meant three years in jail for her, ten for Bernd. "They'd accuse you of being a Western slave trader." They paid \$6.50 for a brown plasterboard suitcase that was 4 ft. by 2½ ft. by 16 in.

Next day, carrying the empty suitcase they went to Eisenach, the last railway stop before the West German border. The train pulled in, and the two rushed up to the platform, got an empty compartment. Bernd opened the suitcase: Maria assumed the prenatal position—head on chest. He carefully forced back her shoulder, got the lid closed by pressing it down with his knee. She gasped with pain as he belted the two straps. Then he moved the suitcase—which had been punctured in several places to give Maria air—into the corridor and returned to his compartment.



BERND & MARIA
Encased, a freezing *fräulein*.

Police and border guards, working methodically through the car, looked at Bernd's papers; one guard asked where his luggage was. Bernd said he had shipped it on to West Germany by rail express. The guards glanced casually at the suitcase in the corridor, went on to the next car.

Loudspeakers at the border control point of Warthe ordered all passengers to leave the train, with their luggage, for another check. Bernd leaped down to the platform and was about to pull off the suitcase when he saw that an East German railway guard was eyeing him. It was the same man Bernd had told he had no luggage. An African got off the train, too, and hoping he could not speak German, Bernd cried to him in broadest dialect: "Let me help you with your bag!" The baffled African, thinking Bernd was asking for help, obligingly took hold of the handle, and they shuffled past the Red guard.

Quivering Snow. Bernd left the case on the platform, irrationally pushing snow on it in an attempt to make it inconspicuous. After passing through the Communist control point, he returned to the platform, was horrified to see the suitcase was quivering so much that snow was being shaken off the top. Bernd frantically grabbed the suitcase—but the handle came off in his hand. Desperately, he hugged the case in his arms, heaved it back on the train and stumbled on beside it.

Minutes later, the train rolled past the barbed wire of the border. A sign whipped by, announcing entry into West Germany. Bernd walked to the suitcase, loosened the straps, raised the lid. Maria, still shivering and blue with cold, looked up. "We made it," Bernd murmured, lifting her out. She clung to him and cried, When she could finally talk, it was to say: "Thank God... Thank God..."



U.S. TRANSPORT UNLOADING TRUCK IN WEST BERLIN
Aloft, the threat of shooting.

ALGERIA

The End & the Beginning

"At last!"

Those were the words, repeated countless times around the world, that greeted the long-delayed truce in Algeria. After seven years, four months and 18 days, the fighting stopped. The war had cost hundreds of thousands of dead, ranging from illiterate Moslem peasants to the blueblooded elite of the French army. On one side stood France, which had carried Western civilization into the desert and, despite vast errors of judgment, had built a country in North Africa that had been part of France for more than a century. On the other side were the poor, scattered Arab tribes of Algeria, which found their nationhood in the war. On both sides, there had been fanaticism, brutality and torture. For a time, it seemed as if the Moslems had lost all moderation, as if France had lost her conscience.

Charles de Gaulle, the man who had worked to end the war with patience, skill, trickery, courage and a never-failing sense of destiny, finally this week could announce the cease-fire. In a seven-minute radio and TV speech, he declared that it was France's "national interest" which had commanded her to let the Algerians govern themselves. He asked the million disaffected Europeans to stay on and cooperate with the new Algeria. Paying tribute to "the glorious losses" sustained by the French army, De Gaulle applauded its discipline, despite "the solicitations of criminal adventurers." He alluded to General Raoul Salan's terrorist S.A.O. by announcing that a common-sense solution had won out in Algeria over "the frenzy of some, the blindness of others."

Stumbling Blocks. For the past twelve days, France and the world have gone through cliffhanging suspense as the cease-fire negotiators wrangled at Evian-les-Bains. The major issues had all been settled: a transition period for Algeria, leased bases for the French, guarantees for Europeans. But last-minute stumbling blocks appeared. Among the chief problems was the composition of the Provisional Executive, which is to govern Algeria during the cease-fire: on this, the F.L.N. demanded a twelve-man French-Moslem committee with an F.L.N. nominee as chairman. Another issue: the powers and strength of the *Force Locale* to police the cease-fire; here the F.L.N. wanted more Moslem members, while Paris wanted a French commander. Compromise finally settled all the issues.

In Algeria, the announcement of the cease-fire seemed little more than a formality. What really matters is the S.A.O. For months, its gunmen have been indiscriminately shooting and bombing Moslems. As the cease-fire drew near last week, the S.A.O. killers concentrated on the relatively few Moslem intellectuals. In Algiers, a carload of S.A.O. terrorists raided the Algerian Social Center and cold-bloodedly mowed down six educators—three of them Europeans—including Moslem Author Mouloud Feraoun, a close friend of the late Algerian-born author,

Albert (*The Plague*) Camus. Next, S.A.O. gunmen attacked drugstores, killing seven Moslem pharmacists.

Secret Letter. The French intercepted a letter from Salan himself to regional S.A.O. commanders which ordered a "generalized offensive" to begin the instant the cease-fire was announced. Among the instructions: 1) in cities like Oran and Algiers, French security is to be tied up through an "increase in revolutionary disorders," i.e., hit-and-run attacks, demonstrations, strikes, refusals to obey curfew; 2) in the countryside, where Salan noted that Europeans seemed lukewarm in sup-

Commons.* Appealing to voters disenchanted by Macmillan's crackdown on credit and pay raises, the Liberals run on a platform resembling Labor's (main difference: the Liberals do not favor nationalization of industry). They are unencumbered by the Labor Party's internal feuds and by the proletarian stigma that keeps many middle-class voters from going Labor. Sniffed Macmillan: "The Liberal Party is performing the valuable function of the exhaust pipe in the motorcar."

The Tory-minded *Daily Telegraph* put it more temperately: "The country is saying it does not like the government it



"High Time"
Mourned, the glorious losses.

porting the S.A.O., guerrilla bands are to set up "insurrectionary zones."

In Algeria, the seven-year war ended this week, but the new war with the S.A.O. was just getting under way.

GREAT BRITAIN

Daggers for Mac

"Give Mac the sack," cried the crowds in Orpington, a longtime Tory stronghold in suburban Kent. In a mid-term by-election, the district was captured last week by a pugnacious, 33-year-old Liberal candidate who piled up a massive, 7,855-vote majority (total voters: 43,187) over an exceptionally able Conservative opponent. Following three other by-election setbacks for the party in a week, Orpington was the worst defeat that Prime Minister Harold Macmillan's Conservatives have suffered since they took office eleven years ago. Said Party Chairman Iain Macleod: "These are daggers thrust at us."

The Liberal stabs were the big surprise. Though they won outright only at Orpington, they captured most of the 41,111 votes lost to the Conservatives elsewhere. Long in decline, the Liberals will have only seven M.P.s in the 630-seat House of

Commons, but it's still a long way from deciding what alternative to choose." Tory Strategist Macleod is confident that if the party sinks low enough in by-elections, it will bounce back in time for the general election that Macmillan is expected to call some time next year. Said he: "How should Conservatives act now? I offer you the Clan Macleod motto: 'Hold Fast.'"

Before it can contemplate a general election, the government will have to grapple with two balky issues: Britain's entry into the Common Market and the future of the Central African Federation. In an ingenious, unprecedented gambit, Prime Minister Macmillan announced last week that he is giving sole responsibility for the federation to Home Secretary R. A. Butler, who is already in charge of Common Market negotiations.

A new British-drawn constitution for Northern Rhodesia threatens to break up the federation because it grants the blacks more power than cantankerous Federal Prime Minister Sir Roy Welensky pro-

* In 1905 the party won 176 seats; it stayed in power until the 1922 defeat of Britain's last Liberal Prime Minister, David Lloyd George.



THREE-STARRED HOST LASSERE, SERVING GUESTS
Moses come to dinner.

poses to stand for (TIME, March 6). In the past, the problem was confusingly divided between Colonial Secretary Reginald Maudling, responsible for African territories that retain colonial status (Northern Rhodesia, Nyasaland) and generally considered an ally by African nationalists, and Commonwealth Secretary Duncan Sandys, who is responsible for self-governing territories (Southern Rhodesia) and has the ear of Welensky's white supremacists. It was obviously sound to end this two-way pull by putting Butler in charge, even though Labor Party Leader Hugh Gaitskill loudly denounced it as a "nonsensical gesture." While not a political maneuver, Maedmillan's move inevitably enhanced the political prospects of "Rab" Butler, whose fortunes had seemed on the ebb last fall when Iain Macleod was moved in as Conservative party chairman and leader of the House.

FRANCE

The Palate Guard

In France, where a great chef can earn more glory than a general, the supreme accolade for a restaurant is a chaste ●●● in the *Guide Michelin*. Less a guidebook than the culinary conscience of France, the plump red volume is an annual honors list grading 3,036 (of 60,000) French restaurants and 6,000 hotels from Calais to the Côte d'Azur. Until this year the *Guide* counted only ten eating places—four in Paris—worthy of three-star *grandes*, promising "the glory of French cooking," with "price no object."⁶⁰ The award of a

single star usually boosts an establishment's business 50% overnight, while a taller star can deflate a restaurant faster than a falling soufflé. Says *Guide* Editor René Pauchet: "We feel somewhat like Moses bringing down the tablets."

The 1962 edition, out last week, was fraught with even greater suspense than most.

Ineffable Light. Since Moses & Co. enigmatically disclosed six weeks ago that the *Guide* would incorporate "a big decision about one Paris restaurant," culinary Cassandra has been predicting disaster for one of the capital's Big Four. Maxim's, Laperouse, Grand Vefour, Tour d'Argent (which was demoted to ●● in 1952, restored in 1954). Last week, within minutes of the *Guide*'s release, gastronomes learned that, instead, *Michelin* had pinned a third star on Lasserre, an epicurean pavilion off the Champs-Élysées. Among its celebrated specialties: *Sole tourée Bagatelle* (\$2.20) breaded filets stuffed with lobster mushrooms, truffles and cream sauce; *Steak Dumas* (\$2.80) grilled, covered with beef marrow and smothered in sauce of shallots, butter, white wine and veal bouillon.

Breathed Owner René Lasserre, 49, still misty-eyed with emotion: "A real restaurateur can't hope for more." Said an editorial in *Paris-Presse*: "Michelin, the lighthouse of our gastronomic navigation, has finally illuminated, with its ineffable light, one of the youngest, most beloved and elegant of Paris restaurants."

Though the *patron* had no inkling of their presence, eleven different experts had eleven different meals at Lasserre before reaching their final verdict, which was added to a dossier on the restaurant that dates back to its opening in 1950. The *Michelin* inspectors are a kind of Palate Guard chosen for their iron digestions, sensitive palates and impeccable integrity. In keeping with the *Guide*'s

logan, *Pas de piston, pas de pot de vin* (roughly, no pull, no payoffs), they arrive alone and unannounced, sample food and wine, reveal their identities only when they have finished eating and ask to inspect the kitchens. A *Michelin* inspector is usually treated as respectfully as an FBI man in the U.S., though one irate restaurateur once protested to the *Guide*.

You set yourselves up as judges, and yet I personally saw one of your men smoke before the cheese course.

No Simmering. This year's *Guide* has blacked out six sets of two stars and 23 singles, while handing out almost as many new ones. There are four fewer restaurants in the top rank than in 1950, while ●● and ●●● restaurants have declined by 62. Explains Editor Pauchet: "Now everybody's in a hurry and the chef no longer has time to simmer a special dish."

Most experts agree that despite such lapses, the *Palate Guard*'s severity is responsible for maintaining culinary criteria in France today. Peppery Alexandre Dumas, owner of Saulieu's famed ●●● Hôtel de la Côte d'Or and possibly France's greatest chef, declared last week:

The *Michelin* is so close to us, exemplifying all the things most important in our profession, that talking about it at all almost seems like sacrilege.

COMMON MARKET

"Don't Call Us..."

So formidable is the economic success of the Common Market that most of Europe's out nations are queuing up to get in. * Last week three neutrals—Austria, Switzerland and Sweden—met in the Swedish ski resort of Rattvik to discuss ways of becoming associated with the market without sacrificing their precious neutrality. The combined trade of the three with the market nations last year totaled \$6,279,000,000, and all three fear that the market's common tariff barriers against the rest of the world will eventually freeze them out. At the same time they fear the market's demand that members must give up national sovereignty in economic and eventually political matters; they want special terms that would preserve their national freedom of action.

Market members are in no mood to offer such concessions, have little sympathy for neutrality (although they draw a distinction between the neutrality of Austria, enforced by the 1955 peace treaty with Russia and the West, and the voluntary neutrality of Sweden and Switzerland). Common Market leaders feel that granting special concessions to the neutrals would be unfair to members who

* Britain, Ireland and Denmark have applied for membership. Spain and Turkey have applied for "association," a special limited status whose terms are to be negotiated separately in each case, which may be granted to nations whose world economy or national obligations make full membership impractical. Greece has already been accepted as an associate member. Norway will apply either for membership or association. The U.S. is not seeking either full or associate membership, is instead trying to broaden reciprocal tariffs with the Six.

⁶⁰ The *Guide's* 62 ●●● restaurants serve "out-standing meals and wine," and are "worth a detour," while 683 a eating places are recommended as "a good place to break your journey." The 2,400 unstarred restaurants get up to five crossed spoons and forks for cleanliness and comfort, are mostly chosen as being the best in their area.



TODAY THE SHOPPER TAKES THE SALESMAN HOME

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have made the full sacrifices demanded—and might tempt some member states to reduce their own market obligations in future. Another argument heard: Why grant association to the neutrals rather than to NATO partners such as the U.S. and Canada?

From Common Market headquarters letters went out to the neutrals. Gist: the Six will not even consider the new applications until negotiations over Britain's membership in the market are decided. British and Market delegates are still setting the ground rules for the formal bargaining sessions that are set to begin after Easter.

ISRAEL

Philosopher's Plea

What the Torah teaches us is this: none but God can command us to destroy a man.

—Martin Buber, quoting

Rabbi Mendel of Kosov (d. 1825)

The world's greatest Jewish philosopher and a pioneer Zionist, Martin Buber has lived in Jerusalem since 1938, when he fled the Nazis. Often opposed to Israel's policies (example: he advocates greater efforts to make peace with the Arabs), Buber is now in conflict with Premier David Ben-Gurion on a bitter issue: the fate of Adolf Eichmann.

Last month Buber phoned Ben-Gurion and asked permission to see him. No, the old (75) Premier told the ancient (84) philosopher, "you are older than I. I will come to see you." For two hours in Buber's house on Love of Zion Street, Ben-Gurion listened while Buber pleaded with him to commute the Eichmann death sentence. Society is merely a group of persons, argued Buber, and when it kills one man, it is killing part of itself. "Who

gave society the right to kill itself?" he asked. "Society does not have such plenipotentiary rights." (Israel has no capital punishment except for high treason in wartime, war crimes against humanity or the Jewish people.)

In Eichmann's case, Buber added, execution would nurture another antichrist myth and permit a second-rate individual to symbolize the tragedy of European Jewry; his death would only offer easy, vicious expiation to the guilty.*

Last week, when newspapers learned of Buber's plea for mercy, public reaction in Israel was overwhelmingly against him. Indirectly, Ben-Gurion gave a public answer to Buber. As the Israeli Supreme Court prepared to consider Eichmann's own appeal before handing down a verdict, the official government gazette published a regulation authorizing the appointment of "a man to execute a death sentence."

SOUTH VIET NAM

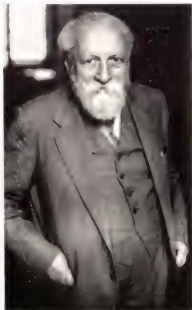
Joan or Lucrezia

Faustively bedecked elephants, a troop of mounted horsemen and colorful floats paraded through the streets of Saigon last week. It was Women's Day, an occasion organized and supervised by South Viet Nam's most bitterly debated female, Madame Ngo Dinh Nhu. To some she is an Asian Joan of Arc, to others an Oriental Lucrezia Borgia.

A fragile-looking but tough-minded beauty of 38, Madame Nhu is the wife of President Ngo Dinh Diem's brother and closest brain-truster, serves as her bachelor brother-in-law's official First Lady. Around Madame Nhu and her husband swirls much of the opposition to Diem's regime. Critics blame their considerable influence on Diem for the excesses of his government, argue that he would become more tractable and his administration more liberal if he got rid of them.

Puritanical Feminist. Zealous and sincere in her single-minded belief that only Diem can solve South Viet Nam's problems, Madame Nhu tirelessly preaches the merits of "personalism," a mixture of Confucianism, autocracy and Catholic morality, that President Diem calls his "formula" of government. Like Diem, Madame Nhu is intolerant of criticism, last week lashed out at the "pseudo-liberalism" of those who questioned Diem's restrictive measures. She indirectly blamed the West for Communist gains in South Viet Nam, because the U.S. should have realized the pressing need for anti-guerrilla forces as far back as 1954, and scored some points when she deplored "the progress of neutralism in the world favored by the inability of Western democracy to protect all those that Communism covets."

A puritan as well as a feminist, Madame Nhu is the founder and president of the



MARTIN BUBER
Who gave the right to kill?

*Similar reasoning prompted Britain's Jewish publisher, Victor Gollancz, to suggest that Eichmann be sent to a kibbutz (collective farm) in Israel, "where he would live in an atmosphere of Christian (or, rather, Jewish) love, and he might learn the right way of living and repent his appalling sins."



MADAME NHU
Who know the formula?

1,000,000 Women's Solidarity Movement, a sort of Asian Junior League that has set up nurseries, maternity clinics, social welfare centers, kindergartens and night schools. Three years ago, the National Assembly passed her family bill, which banned polygamy and concubinage, set up stiff penalties for adultery, outlawed divorce except by permission of the President. Currently, Madame Nhu is plugging a social purification law that would outlaw taxi dancers, prizefighting and other "immoral" entertainment.

Scratch the Scabby Sheep. Sent to French schools in Hanoi by her rich lawyer father (now South Viet Nam's Ambassador to the U.S.), Madame Nhu still speaks only halting Vietnamese; converses mostly in French. She met her future husband while wandering through a library where he was chief archivist; married him in 1943. Three years later, she was captured by the Communist Viet Minh while her husband was away on a trip; she was held prisoner in a remote village until, with the help of a Catholic paragon, she escaped to be reunited with Nhu in Saigon.

After Diem took office in 1954, his brother and sister-in-law moved into the Freedom Palace with him. Nhu advised his brother on army promotions, official appointments and business contracts. Inevitably Saigon gossip linked Nhu and his wife to government graft. Madame Nhu indignantly denies the charge. "Money enslaves people," she says. "I use money in the most artistic way when I have it."

Last month's aerial assassination attempt on Diem found Madame Nhu in the presidential palace with three of her four children (two girls 16 and 2, two boys

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CAPUCHIN FRIARS IN THE DOCK
At evening prayers a blast of buckshot.

1: and 0:1. She fell two stories through a hole in the floor, was painfully cut and bruised, still moves with difficulty. The attack has made her even less tolerant of Diem's opponents. She says: "We will track down, neutralize and extirpate all these scabby sheep."

ITALY Felonious Friars?

Despite the tension in the courtroom, four defendants remained calm and moved their lips in what seemed to be silent prayer. The impulse was natural: the four were robed and cowed Capuchin friars, accused with three laymen of operating a spectacular extortion-murder ring in racket-ridden Sicily.

The gang began operations in 1956 in the small island town of Mazzarino, site of a 200-year-old Capuchin monastery. One of its first alleged victims was Father Agrippino, whose evening prayers were interrupted one November night by a buckshot blast into the wall beside him. A few days later, Carmelo Lo Bartolo, the monastery gardener, trotted up to the friar, informed him sadly that anonymous soundreels wanted \$3,200 or they would aim better next time. Father Agrippino settled with the messenger for \$600.

Soon the gang turned to better-hooded citizens of their own village. The local pharmacist ignored a series of neatly typed threats until his drugstore burned down; but he paid up (\$3,200) when urged by Father Agrippino, accompanied by Father Vittorio and the venerable Father Carmelo (he is now 84). "I am a victim, too, dear doctor," Friar Agrippino declared. "If we don't obey, they'll kill us."

In the years that followed, villagers became accustomed to the sight of the hooded friars padding about on their melancholy missions, but police lacked proof of their actions. One wealthy villager who refused to listen was shot to death by three masked gunmen. Gardener Lo Bartolo was arrested as an accomplice, soon was found in his cell hanging by the bed sheet—victim either of suicide or of pre-

ventive murder by the Mafia, who feared that he would squeal. Evidence against the friars finally came to light two years ago, when police discovered a typewriter in Father Vittorio's cell that matched some of the death threats.

At the trial in Messina last week the laymen, recalling the gardener's fate, said only that they knew nothing. Clearly they would be no help in answering the key question: Were the friars only tools of anonymous higher-ups, or were they the masterminds? Either way, their action had brought grief to the Capuchins of Sicily. Said Father Sebastiano, provincial head of the order, who himself had been shaken down by the ring: "Even among us, somebody sometimes makes mistakes."

IRAN Sharp Sword, New Plow

A crimson tent was set up in the muddy Maragheh plain in honor of the royal presence. Baggy-pants peasants and their red-cheeked women and children crowded close to stare at Mohammed Reza Pahlavi, Shah of Iran, resplendent in the green uniform of army commander in chief. Suddenly, the Shah asked for the microphone, delivered an impromptu talk to the crowd. "I've been in this land reform business for over ten years," he said.

"It's now reached its decisive stage. Believe me, it is no honor to be King of a poor and hungry people." As he handed out land deeds, the Shah asked one farmer if he was happy. "No. I'm not happy," he replied. "I am reborn."

Thus last week, in a region close to the Russian border, the Shah officially launched the land reform program that he had signed into law on Jan. 15. Under the law, worked out by idealistic Agriculture Minister Hasan Arsanjani (who insists on serving without salary), a landlord may be forced to sell most of his holdings, is compensated by the government over a ten-year period. The Shah, who in the last decade has distributed to peasants more than half of his own 1,500,000 acres—is one of the few Iranian landlords with

any liking for reform. Most cling tenaciously to the feudal system, which has given big landowners control of three-fourths of Iran's arable soil. Some 17,000 villages are owned outright by 160 wealthy families, and most of the nation's 16 million peasants are serfs.

Landlords are not alone in opposition to the reforms, long urged by the U.S. Five of the Shah's 16-man Cabinet voted against the law. Iran's Communists, fearing the loss of a traditional class-war propaganda issue, joined with rightists last month in staging bloody riots in Teheran. Some observers in Teheran fear that the reform plan may never get far beyond last week's dramatic giveaway. Even the Shah's close aides concede the project may well take 20 years. The peasants cannot be given land without first being taught marketing, crop rotation and the use of fertilizer—all formerly handled by landlords. Cooperatives must be set up and loans arranged to tide the peasants over bad harvests. The speed of the operation depends on the state of Iran's treasury, which is chronically empty.

But last week it was clear that at least the peasants and the Shah are true believers in land reform. As the Shah left his crimson tent at Maragheh, he angrily ordered away the soldiers who were holding back the crowd with bayonets. For the first time in his life, the Shah walked alone and unprotected in the midst of his people. Weeping peasant women tried to kiss his hand or foot; those who could not reach him ran to kiss his royal caftan instead. Driving away from the dark muddy plain, the Shah could hear the peasants shouting after him: "May God keep your sword always sharpened!" "May God strike down your enemies!"

NORTHERN RHODESIA The Freedom Writhers

The freedom ride may be all right in the U.S., but female nationalists in Africa have developed a more startling form of protest against racial discrimination: the freedom strip.

In an effort to woo Africans away from Northern Rhodesia's black nationalist parties, Federal Prime Minister Sir Roy Welensky's followers recently set up a political organization called "Build a Nation." The nationalists got sore when the organization's headquarters in Lusaka displayed pictures of both white and black political leaders, showing fiery, black nationalist Kenneth Kaunda alongside white supremacists and Uncle Toms. To protest, African girls pranced into the Build a Nation office last week. When the manager refused to remove Kaunda's picture, off came their clothes. But naked, the strippers danced about and chanted: "Kaunda, Kaunda, Freedom now, cha cha cha." Local cops finally arrived, wrapped blankets around the freedom writhers and hustled them off to the clinic.

Said Kenneth Kaunda blandly: "British sultrazees demonstrated in extreme ways. We are only doing what the British did."

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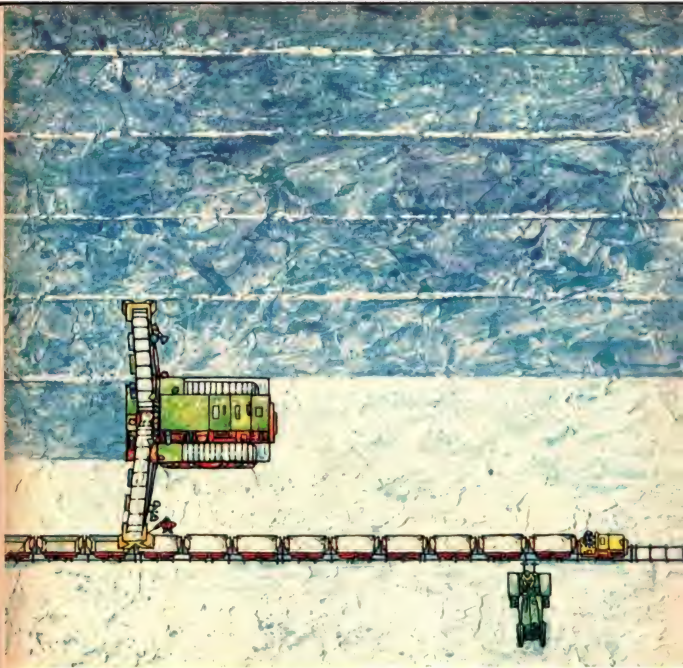
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THE HEMISPHERE

CUBA

Five Eggs a Month

After five weeks of uncharacteristic silence, Fidel Castro appeared to his people last week bearing bad news and *mesa culpas*.

Facing up to the island's growing hunger, he set harsh new rationing regulations. In Havana, almost everything is to be rationed. Rice is restricted to 6 lbs. per person per month; beans, 1 1/2 lbs.; soap, one cake ("I believe it will suffice if used economically," said Castro); eggs, five; Meat is restricted to 1/2 lb. per week (enough for three small hamburgers). Castro offered such stock excuses for the food failure as the Yankee boycott (although U.S. food exports to Cuba are still legal), but also acknowledged some of the shortcomings of collectivization. He wound up with a strange mixture of Marxist-Leninist self-criticism and the regal "We. Only a few months ago, we made formal promises of commitments we have not carried out," said Castro. "We are ashamed. Who is to blame? The administrators, the rulers and everyone."

Four days later, in a post-midnight TV address, Castro returned to the theme of the blunders of his own regime. "We have to increase public vigilance against errors and injustices," said Castro. "Some people think they are more revolutionary than anybody and have the right to mistreat and humiliate others." He singled out the notorious Revolutionary Defense Committees—spies stationed in every city block in all factories and farms—for special censure. And then he made his attack categorical: "The revolution has to re-educate all the revolutionary nuclei, and needs to revise the entire political apparatus of the revolution."

Without much else to feed on, Cubans had to take what comfort they could from that.

GUATEMALA

Blood & Corruption

Guatemala City shook with violence last week. Store windows were smashed. Battle-dressed soldiers patrolled streets littered with burned, overturned cars. Twenty people were dead, and 500 others had been wounded in a week of rioting against autocratic President Miguel Ydigoras Fuentes, 66. It was the worst crisis in Ydigoras' four years in office.

Crying Castro. The trouble started when students launched a one-hour strike against the announced returns of last December's congressional election, in which Ydigoras handily improved his majority. As is his habit, Ydigoras called the whole shooting match a "Castro-Communist" plot. No doubt the Communists would like to overthrow the man who let Guatemala be used as a base for last year's Cuban invasion. But the Reds are by no means the only ones fed up with Ydigoras.

Because of organized graft that flourishes like a fungus, the majority of Guatemala's business and professional community has long been bitterly disgusted. Corruption chokes the inflow of capital to a trickle. Anyone wanting to invest in Guatemala faces a maze of red tape that, in many cases, can be cut only by a *mordida*, or bribe.

An American concern, the Breaux Bridge Oil Refining Co., recently learned what an Alliance for Progress amounts to in Guatemala. Organized by a Houston group with the backing of Shell interests, Breaux Bridge received a concession in 1958 to set up a \$5,000,000 refinery—Central America's first—on Guatemala's



PRESIDENT YDIGORAS
Others were fed up.

Caribbean coast. Not long after construction began, Ydigoras personally issued an order that, in effect, forbade all Guatemalan consulates abroad to approve any shipping documents for Breaux. Breaux appealed to the Supreme Court, a tribunal capable of independence, and won an injunction. When the company began laying pipeline to the docks of Puerto Barrios three miles away, the President showed up at the construction site, delivered a threat against the company, and relented only when Breaux agreed to lay its pipeline to a new port he is promoting three miles in the opposite direction.

Chance to Escape. Breaux officials were offered a way out of their troubles. Last May, company representatives claim, one of Ydigoras' relatives dropped into Breaux Bridge's Houston offices and asked for \$1,000,000. "Otherwise," he is quoted as saying, "Breaux Bridge will never be able to operate." The firm refused. Last December port authorities announced they had a presidential order to stop pipe-

line construction. Company officials say they were offered another chance to escape trouble. This time the emissary was a high official in the government. His price, according to Breaux officers: \$350,000, "or your troubles will continue." Again the company men said no. But, pressed by another Supreme Court injunction, Breaux Bridge drove ahead.

Now, says a Breaux official, "our plant is finished, our pipeline is laid. We intend to begin importing crude—knowing full well that it probably will be stopped at the port."

MEXICO

Artist in Jail

Mexican President Adolfo López Mateos never says a word against Fidel Castro, and insists that in politics he is a leftist "within the constitution." Yet López Mateos has not hesitated to come down hard on troublesome leftists at home. Last week his regime came down hard on Mexico's No. 1 leftist (and No. 1 artist), David Alfaro Siqueiros, 65. The Communist painter, who has already been behind bars for 20 months, was sentenced to eight years in the federal penitentiary for "social dissolution"—i.e., troublemaking during student demonstrations in August 1960.

He had been picked up during the 1960 disturbances, but claimed he was miles away at the time, painting government-commissioned murals at Chapultepec Castle. The authorities threw him into Mexico City's Lecumberri Prison anyway, and held him without trial. Whiling away the weeks, he painted scenery for prison theatricals, staged a brief hunger strike, and produced about 20 tiny paintings. He even managed to turn out murals on sections of plywood designed to be hinged together later.

Art lovers, leftists and believers in the rule of law both inside Mexico and from around the world protested; the López Mateos regime finally brought Siqueiros to trial in January. In a tiny, dingy courtroom the artist stole the show with a three-hour speech ranging from his youthful years in politics to the present panorama of Mexican art, to the endless betrayal of the 1910 Mexican revolution by every regime down to and including the present. It was a stirring offense, but not much of a defense, especially considering several personal insults Siqueiros aimed at the presiding judge himself.

For a personage of Siqueiros' stature last week's sentence amounted to having the book thrown at him, even though the time he has already served counts against his sentence, and he may be paroled in two years.

Painting away in jail, Siqueiros seemed to be enjoying the martyrdom of it all. Asked about his chances for a presidential pardon, he took another dig at President López Mateos: "I suppose the President will have to ask the U.S. before he acts."

PEOPLE



BARDOT & ACHARD
Turned out, no beau.

Commandeered for the annual benefit gala of the *Union des Artistes* (a sort of French Equity), Paris' one-ring *Cirque d'Hiver* acquired a second center of attention with the midnight entrance of **Brigitte Bardot**, 27. Combining the Empire look with what copycats in New York's Garment District currently push as the "proffered bosom," the tiara-topped screen queen was the focus of all eyes—save those of Playwright **Marcel Achard**, 61, an Academy "immortal" who was ensconced next to her in what appeared to be a state of stunned euphoria.

"Darling fat girl, anyone who has given so many people such pleasure and fun is doomed to go on doing it." Thus encouraged by Fellow Wordline Noel Coward, Café Society Mixmaster **Elsa Maxwell**, 78, rose from the Manhattan bed to which a heart attack confined her three months ago and began once again to share her doom with the readers of her syndicated confidences. Though her ordeal had muddled her physique, on doctor's orders she had already reduced from 200 to 160 lbs.—it had not mitigated her relentlessly chatty columnar style. Opening gambit in her first post-illness column: "You may recall . . . the Marchioness of Blandford (she is the former Tina Livanos Onassis, the loveliest little friend, so pretty and gay . . .

In a rare departure from conventional political behavior, California's frisky **Dalip Singh Sound**, 62, turned sheepish (and turtle) over an enlargement of the federal payroll in his district. The occasion in lamentation for which the Indian-born Democrat sportingly submitted to an initial symbolic shakedown: a heeling-up of the Internal Revenue Service staff in the city of Riverside.

After proving himself a consummate good-will ambassador during the first month of a seven-week trade-drumming tour of South America Britain's **Prince Philip** stumbled into a veritable gaffe-and-a-half at Paraguay's Government

House. "It's a pleasant change," off-handed His Royal Highness to President Alfredo Stroessner, "to be in a country which isn't ruled by its people." As the continent's sole surviving dictator glowered around the room and underlings intently began to contemplate their finger-nails, Philip quickly sought to recoup by implying that he was merely expressing his pleasure at temporarily escaping Britain's Lord's Day Observance Society, which perennially criticizes the royal family for attending sports events on Sunday. "Here," beamed the peripatetic prince, "the government decides what is to be done and it is done . . .

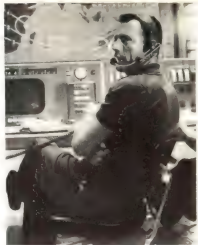
Latest to make the split parade in sunny, sundering California were Hollywood's golden couple—**Bernard Schwartz**, 36, and **Jeanette Morrison**, 34. Announcing a trial separation that they hoped would be temporary—considering their ten years and two children together, the pair surprised almost no one. While Jeanette was explaining "No matter what you may hear, there is no other man or any other woman," Bernard remained incommunicado—the cinema euphemism for being on circumlocution at Palm Springs.

Scrubbed as pilot of the U.S.'s next orbital shot because of "erratic heartbeat" was Astronaut **Donald ("Deke") Slayton**, 38. Aware of his condition since 1959 and subject to fortnightly recurrences ("I get rid of them by running two or three miles"), the tenacious Air Force major was belatedly—and perhaps only temporarily—grounded by an Air Force medical board last week. The decision was clearly motivated more by fear of

For Bernie's and Jeanette's movie mimickers, see **STORY BUSINESS**.



SAUND & FRIENDS
Turned turtle, no doubt.



"DEKE" SLAYTON
Turned down, no go.

had publicity if Slayton's flight should go amiss than by doubts over his capacity, and understandably left the astronaut "damned disappointed." Sympathized his replacement Navy Lieut. Commander Scott Carpenter, 36: "I hate to be part of such a disappointment to Deke."

Passing on an appeal from a West German political prisoner who claimed to have been "unfairly and wrongly" convicted by her countrymen in a 1951 war crimes trial, members of the European Commission on Human Rights not only rejected the plea but also damned it as a "manifest abuse" of their time. The appellant: **Lifer Ilse Koch**, 54, better known during World War II as the "Bitch of Buchenwald."

Her intuition telling her that the Russians would have a woman in space by the fall, **Jane Briggs Hart**, 40, aviatrix wife of Michigan's Democratic Senator Philip Hart, hoped to beat them to the launch. After getting nowhere with NASA brass, the zingy mother of eight (who has logged some 2,000 flying hours and last summer passed the astronauts' screening physical) decided to go to what she thought was the top. To no avail. "He was very interested," sighed Janie Hart after 15 minutes with National Aeronautics and Space Council Chairman **Lyndon B. Johnson**, "but he said he doesn't have the authority to make any decision."

After a careful weighing of all criteria, including time and distance traveled, experts on congressional expense accounts somewhat dazedly acclaimed a new record holder: Maryland's Democratic Congressman **Richard E. Lankford**, 47. On a 38-day junket that carried him from Honolulu to Scotland "to see how our military assistance program ties in with our defense effort," the eleven-ranking Democratic member of the House Armed Services Committee managed, by his own account, to spend \$3,597 on meals, hotels and "miscellaneous." When a reporter incredulously noted that all this averaged

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out at better than \$11 a meal and \$28 per night's lodging, the Annapolis lawyer farmer conceded that "my answers don't sound too good," but stoutly insisted: "I spent every penny I say I spent."

Having won the approval of both the Roman Catholic and Greek Orthodox churches for her prospective May marriage to Spain's Prince Juan Carlos, Greece's fetching *Princess Sophie*, came to grips with Mammon. In an atmosphere of high drachma and low politics, the National Radical Union majority in Greece's Parliament argued—correctly—that the royal family was "not rich" and pushed through over the loud protests of a not-so-loyal opposition a bill granting the princess a dowry of \$300,000.

Lashing out at Britain's most bilious and best-read columnist for his gibes at the parlous state of Soviet farm production, Radio Moscow suggested that *Cassandra*, pen name of the London *Daily Mirror*'s William Connor, should be traced to botanical rather than mythological roots. Snapped a Soviet commentator: "If Mr. Connor had even a small knowledge of agriculture, he would know about a poisonous weed also called *cassandra* . . . on which not even the most stupid goat—let alone level-headed people—would think of feeding." Cooed Connor in reply: "Come, come, you earthy machine-gunners of kulaks, *Cassandra* (C. *calculata*) is a rather beautiful evergreen shrub. It has white virginal flowers (how I warm to the theme) . . . I warn you Muscovite fellows: keep your great Cossack boots off my white, virginal, bell-shaped flower."

Convalescing from his second stroke in four months, Michigan's Republican Congressman *Clare E. Hoffman*, 86, finally resolved to wind up his 28-year House career when his present term ends next January. Last recorded on a House roll call in September, the implacable old isolationist seemed considerably more concerned about whether the shad were running down in Fredericksburg than about the pretty kettle of fish on Capitol Hill, which, according to his son, he had "about given up as a bad job."

Slithering through Uganda "to help convince the tribal people that it was necessary to preserve game," The Netherlands' sports-mad *Prince Bernhard*, so, gunned down a near-record roan antelope and a rare sitatunga, came close to cremating some bigger prey. Beating their way down from the heights of Mount Dela-San-Bernhard and two companions grew fearful of the tall grass ("We could have fallen to feet or more down those slippery rocks"), decided to burn a passage out. Unexpectedly, the wind changed, and the accident-prone prince (who has survived four automobile crack-ups, several forced landings in planes, a motorboat collision and a near-skidding drowning) was trapped in a ring fire. Chirped Bernhard: "I saved this time by a fortuitous retreat to a rocky outcrop: 'We almost kippeded.'"



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RENAULT



MEDICINE

Death in the Formula

Nearly all week, half of the 29 babies in the nursery of Binghamton (N.Y.) General Hospital had been finicky at feeding time. Some gagged on their bottled formula and tried not to swallow it, while a few who swallowed it promptly vomited. The nurses became edgy and puzzled, but were not at first alarmed.

On Friday, three babies died. Hospital officials began to worry about a virulent infection, but found no evidence of any,

brought the baby home with a quart of formula. She wouldn't take it. She gagged and made a gurgling noise. She was supposed to have four ounces, but we managed to make her swallow only an ounce. She drank water though. We took her back to the hospital." A day and a half later, she died.

Exchange of Fluids. For the worst cases, Dr. John E. Kiley of Albany Medical College hurried in to perform peritoneal dialyses—exchange of body fluids in the abdominal cavity. The doctor put a

sued for negligence. What the hospital got first, however, was not suits but anonymous phone bomb threats, and a mysterious fire broke out as well. Moreover, the tragedy is not finished. Even after the salt is flushed out and the baby seems well, parents must wait for as long as a year to see whether it will develop normally. By a mechanism not clearly understood, salt poisoning may cause irreversible damage to the brain. The tablespoonful of salt that many Binghamton babies had swallowed, said Dr. Finberg, was as lethal a dose as 4 lbs. of salt to an adult.

Because ordinary granulated sugar² is widely used in formulas, most hospitals



NURSE COLVIN (LEFT) & SALT-FED BABY



DRS. KILEY, FORD & FINBERG

For some parents, a year of waiting ahead.

On Saturday, three more babies died. Still no one thought of checking the formula, partly because some babies were taking theirs well. Finally, Practical Nurse May Pier, pausing in her Sunday morning duties, mixed herself a cup of instant coffee and to sweeten it she dipped into the formula room's canister for sugar. The coffee tasted like sea water. Curious, she tasted what was in the canister. It was not sugar but salt, and it had been going into the formulas of 14 babies. (Those who thrived were getting a patented formula or one sweetened with a special sugar.)

The Doctors Gather. Medical Director Jason K. Moyer called in all ten of the pediatricians, headed by Dr. John H. Ford Jr., who serve the hospital. They knew that salt poisoning can be deadly, especially to babies. But their medical library contained only one good account of its dangers, published in 1960 by two Baltimore researchers. The Binghamton doctors were faced with the first case of mass salt poisoning in U.S. hospital annals. They summoned one of the Baltimore team, Dr. Laurence Finberg of Johns Hopkins, and began their own frantic efforts to save the poisoned babies.

Some had been sent home and put on homemade formula soon enough to head off death. But some had been sent home with a day's supply of the salty formula. One of these was Lisa Marie Beato whose photographer father reported: "We

high hypodermic needle through the abdominal wall of each baby, and through it he dripped a sugar solution until the little bellies were slightly bloated. After an hour, a similar amount of fluid was drained off, and some of the salt, mixed and diluted came with it. The needle stayed in place and the drip-and-drain process was repeated every four hours, round the clock. Dr. Kiley worked on five babies this way for 16 hours, with only an hour's nap, until Dr. Finberg, delayed by bad weather, arrived to relieve him. One by one, all but one of the remaining babies were taken off the critical list, though some were still sick.

As autopsies showed a catastrophically high salt level in the bodies of six babies to be the almost certain cause of their deaths, the hospital's officials tried to figure out how the accident happened. Mrs. Lillie Mae Colvin, 29, a Negro practical nurse, mother of three and pregnant, had filled the formula room's canister on Tuesday. She did this from one of two identical 20-gal. galvanized cans standing side by side in the kitchen, their lids marked with stick-on labels that said "sugar" and "salt" (the salt label was torn). Mrs. Colvin was sure she had filled the canister from the can labeled sugar—but this might have contained salt, perhaps because the lids had been accidentally switched.

Bomb Threats. Binghamton General is owned by the city, and under the law in New York (unlike many states) can be

have standard rules that salt and sugar must not be kept on the same shelf or in similar containers. Binghamton belatedly adopted similar rules, and state officials decided to make them mandatory.

Recovery from Cancer

Of the two men who worked most closely on the nuclear chain reactions that made the atomic bomb possible, one, Enrico Fermi, died of cancer. In 1959 the other, Leo Szilard, went to his doctors with a bladder cancer; they could not remove it all. Said Szilard then: "I don't expect to live, but I hope to be active for a few months and perhaps a year." Last week Dr. Szilard, 64, physicist turned biologist and crusader for the abolition of war, quietly noted that he has now gone two full years free of cancer symptoms. "I feel fine," he said.

What wrought the change in Szilard's case was a four-week series of treatments with 2,000,000-volt X rays at Manhattan's Memorial Hospital. His convalescence was supervised, as is his current care while he lives at a Washington hotel, by his personal physician, Dr. Gertrud Weiss—who is also his wife. With the same realism that he showed when his prospects

²It has the same caloric value as ordinary dextrose, which many doctors prescribe. Dextrose, they contend, is better assimilated; being a powder, it is less likely to be confused with salt.

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were poorest. Dr. Szilard now says: "I have not been in a hospital since I left Memorial. But I don't want to mislead people into thinking I am cured, because I do not know if I am. There is no telling how long I will be well."

Of patients with cancer of Szilard's type who get similar treatment, 1% live for five years. Doctors are trying to perfect ways of making recoveries like his the rule rather than the exception.

Britain v. Cigarettes

Last week for the first time the government of a major nation took strong official action to discourage its citizens from smoking cigarettes. Acting on evidence that cigarettes cause lung cancer, Britain's Ministries of Health and Education began sending out circulars putting their support behind a report by a nine-man committee of the prestigious Royal College of Physicians. The committee had done no new scientific work, but it spent almost three years evaluating existing statistical and medical data. Its unqualified conclusion: "Cigarette smoking is a cause of lung cancer."

Health Minister J. Enoch Powell told Parliament: "This report demonstrates authoritatively and crushingly the causal connection between smoking and lung cancer." He agreed to carry out the Royal College's recommendation that "general discouragement of smoking, particularly by young people, is necessary." And he promised to consider other measures urged by the Royal College, which would:

- Keep children from buying tobacco products, restrict tobacco advertising, and cut down smoking in public places.
- Boost the tax on cigarettes—already 16¢ on average brands selling for 63¢ a pack—and reduce it on less harmful cigars and pipe tobacco.
- Try anti-smoking clinics for those who find it hard to quit.

SCIENCE

Exploring the Far Frontier

Half buried under a thick shell of earth and concrete in Cambridge, Mass., a great ring-shaped machine went into operation last week, humming softly while green lines measuring its power drifted across the face of an oscilloscope. Called the Cambridge Electron Accelerator, the machine cost \$12 million (paid by the Atomic Energy Commission), is 236 ft. in diameter, and consumes enough electricity at full power to operate 40 medium-sized TV stations. Its practical use is nil. It will never freshen sea water, cure cancer, or solve any other specific problem of applied science. But in the hands of Harvard and M.I.T. scientists, it will probe far beyond the frontier of present physical knowledge. No one knows what waits to be found in this dark region, but physicists are sure it is packed with wonderful secrets. Full knowledge of why energy sometimes "condenses" to form matter, for example, would probably lift human civilization as much as the discovery of electricity.

Scientists have long used high-energy protons (fundamental particles that form the nuclei of hydrogen atoms) as tools to explore the secret innards of matter. Two enormous accelerators, one at Brookhaven National Laboratory, Long Island, the other near Geneva, Switzerland, spew out protons with 30 billion electron-volts of energy. Yet in some ways protons are clumsy tools for basic research (or many subtle experiments, electrons (much lighter negative particles of electricity) are better. But electrons are so much more difficult to handle that scientists have never been able to give them really high energy. The Cambridge accelerator is designed to lick that problem.

Round & Round. The scientists shoot bursts of electrons into the accelerator at close to 186,000 miles per second, which is the speed of light, ultimate speed limit in the universe. Pushing them harder and harder does not make electrons go much faster. Instead they get heavier, turning energy into mass according to Einstein's famous equation: $E=mc^2$. In the Cambridge accelerator, the electrons get moving at 99,999,999% of the speed of light and have enough energy to weigh 12,000 times as much as when they were at rest.

Growing these fattened electrons is no easy job. They are shot into the accelerator's vacuum-ring in bunches of about 100 billion, already moving at close to the speed of light and carrying 25 million electron-volts of energy. If left to their own devices, they would move in straight lines, soon hitting the ring's outside wall. But the ring is surrounded by magnets whose power can be varied accurately. When each bunch of electrons enters, the magnetism is just strong enough to make them move in a circle, keeping away from the ring's walls. Round and round they go, picking up energy from 16 electrically charged "cavities" arranged around the ring. The added energy makes them heavier and harder to deflect, so each time they make the circuit the magnets must grow stronger to hold them on course.

Another difficulty is the electrons' habit of losing much of the energy that is stuffed into them. When electrons move in a magnetic field, they turn some of their energy into "synchrotron radiation" that shoots off like mud slinging off a wheel. The more energy they have, the more they radiate away. When they have been fattened to about 1 billion electron-volts (or 1 BEV, as physicists call it), they begin to radiate visible light. At

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Everything that cuts gets dull. A "safety" blade dulls in a day, electric shavers in about 9 months or so—despite advertising claims to the contrary. If you own a Ronson CFL Mark II, or "300", however, you can keep it sharp as new with Ronson's Quick-Change Kit (replaceable shaving screen and multi-blade cutter you snap in at home in 10 seconds). This new cutter and shaving screen, boxed together, cost only \$3.00 for Mark II; \$3.75 for "300" (suggested retail prices).



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By a Subscriber

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I said to myself, "Which came first, the hen or the egg? Do they read The Journal because they have more money, or do they have more money because they read The Journal?"

I started asking discreet questions. I found that men who are well off have to have the information in The Journal. And average fellows like me can win advancement and increased incomes by reading The Journal.

This story is typical. The Journal is a wonderful aid to men making \$7,500 to \$30,000 a year. To assure speedy delivery to you anywhere in the U.S., The Journal is printed daily in seven cities from coast to coast.

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BEV, they radiate the more powerful ultraviolet rays. At 4 BEV, they radiate X rays, losing several million electronvolts of energy in one trip around the ring. A time will come when no amount of energy stuffed into the electrons can exceed the energy they lose. The top practical figure is about 6 BEV, which M.I.T. Professor M. Stanley Livingston, chief designer of the Cambridge accelerator, thinks will be reached within a few months.

Probing the Unknown. Dr. Livingston, who collaborated as a graduate student with Nobel Prizewinner Ernest Lawrence to invent the first cyclotron, in 1930, points out that while the Cambridge electron accelerator does not approach the energy of the 10-BEV proton accelerator at Brookhaven, it has important special talents. Since its electron projectiles are very small compared with protons, they can be used to explore the unknown inner structure of both protons and neutrons. They generate beams of enormously powerful 6-BEV X rays, and these in turn can be used to explore matter. The same big X rays, which are particles of a sort themselves, can also be transformed into other material particles, perhaps into kinds that physicists have never imagined.

Missile Whistle

The range safety officers at Cape Canaveral and other U.S. missile centers have a recurrent nightmare. A missile is climbing out perfectly; everything works, and there is no need to press the "destruct" button that sends a special radio signal racing after an errant missile and commands it to blow itself to bits. Yet suddenly the destruct system is activated, and the missile, possibly with a man atop it, explodes in a blossom of flame. The odds against such a mishap are small, but there is always a chance that an unintended signal perhaps from a badly adjusted ham radio, may destruct a missile that is flying properly or still on its launching pad.

Last week Raytheon Co. announced a "command receiver," also irreverently called "the missile whistle," designed to avoid any possibility of such a mistake. Slightly bigger than three packs of cards, the missile whistle contains five electronic filters that make it deaf to everything except a combination of five different radio waves transmitted simultaneously on narrow frequency bands. The most complex electronic hubble-sounds like silence to a missile equipped with this gadget, but when the five-part signal comes, it picks it out of the racket and obeys its command. The five frequencies can be varied, giving millions of combinations, so each missile of a group can have, if necessary, its own drop-dead signal.

Is Gravity Weakening?

Elephants may never fly, but they may have quite a load off their feet in some far distant day. Though scientists generally assume that gravitation is as unchanging as any of nature's absolute laws, Physics Professor Robert H. Dicke of Princeton has a different theory. A firm believer in



WALT DISNEY'S DUMBO
No?

the theory of the expanding universe, he also believes that gravitation gets weaker as the universe expands and permits gravitational forces to penetrate more space. By his guess, the force of gravitation is about 13% less today than when the earth was formed 4½ billion years ago.

Why gravitation should be weakened by its own expansion into space is something that only mathematicians can discuss intelligently, but Professor Dicke believes that a practical test of the theory will soon be possible. Atomic clocks, which depend in no way on gravitation, are already accurate to one part in 10¹⁰ (one second in more than 100 years). If a clock that depends on gravitation can be made anywhere near as accurate, its rate can be compared with the rate of atomic clocks. If the two rates become increasingly different, it will mean, says Dr. Dicke, that the strength of gravitation is changing.

Dr. Dicke does not propose to use any ordinary gravitational clock, such as a clock with a pendulum. He thinks that an earth satellite can be made to move in such a way that gas drag and light pressure will not affect its orbit. Such a satellite will, in effect, be a gravitational clock, its period of revolution around the earth governed by gravitational pull.

If the two clocks get out of step, proving that gravitation itself is weakening, it will bring great changes in many branches of science. Dr. Dicke points out that gravitation is what holds the earth together. If it is weakening, the earth must be expanding, and this may be the cause of the cracks that were recently found in the ocean floor (TIME, Sept. 14, 1959). Gravitation also determines the size of the stars, which are balls of hot gas. If gravitation was stronger in the past, the stars must have been smaller. They were probably brighter, too, because their denser interiors generated more thermonuclear energy than they do now. The sun, a typical star, must have been bright enough 2 billion years ago to make the surface of the earth much warmer than it is now. Perhaps this is why the oldest fossils found in ancient rocks are remains of algae, some of whose modern descendants still thrive in hot water.



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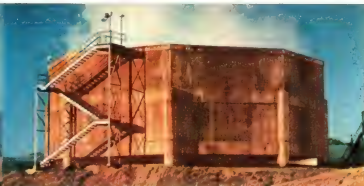
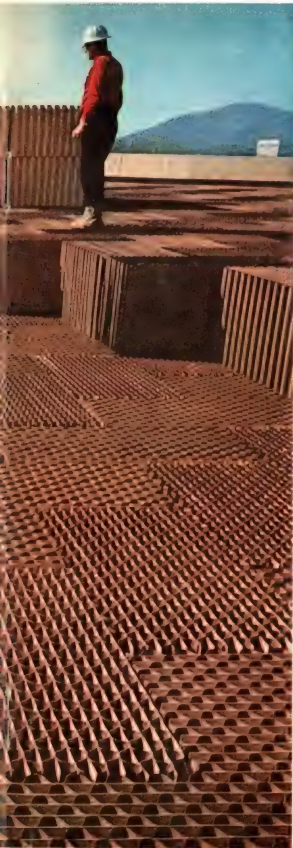
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■ *Report to business from B.F. Goodrich*





Despite its 16-million-gallon-a-day capacity, this new water treatment plant constructed by The Rust Engineering Company takes up very little land. Non-combustible BFG Koroseal vinyl core units can be packed to heights of 40 feet or more.

King-size filter makes water come clean

Paper company alleviates pollution problem with unique cost-cutting B.F. Goodrich Koroseal vinyl core units. In the picture at the left, the two men are lifting into place what looks like a slice from a giant honeycomb.

Actually, it's one of the 6,250 Koroseal vinyl core units that make the Rome Kraft Company's new water treatment plant the most economical ever built.

Tucked among the hills of Rome, Georgia, the new plant is cleaning waste water from one of the country's largest pulp and paperboard mills and doing it ten times faster and with far less expense than any comparable method that existed before.

Because crushed rock or stone trickling filter systems require too much land or cost too much they are not practical for many mills. They also require considerable maintenance under normal operating conditions.

Scientists of The Mead Corporation together with those of Rome Kraft, a Mead affiliate, felt they could build an efficient treatment plant, with more square feet of working surface in proportion to area occupied, if they used a plastic in honeycomb form. They tested various plastics and found B.F. Goodrich Koroseal best—in structural strength, ease of installation, resistance to chemicals, and because it requires practically no maintenance. While this plant was designed for pulp and paper waste, the same principle can be applied to other industries or to municipal sewage treatment.

This is another example of the many ways B.F. Goodrich people are combining basic materials—plastics, rubber, chemicals, textiles, metals—with imaginative thinking to produce a product that solves a challenging problem. For more information—write the President's Office, The B.F. Goodrich Company, Akron 18, Ohio.


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THE THEATER



DIAHANN CARROLL & RICHARD KILEY IN "NO STRINGS ATTACHED"

No Heart

No *Strings* opened on the Ides of March and forgot that old musically-soothing, beware the book. Librettist Samuel Taylor takes two not very appealing people, has them fall in love for no particular reason, and gives playgoers no special reason to care about it.

David Jordan (Richard Kiley) is an expatriate "Europe bum," a permanent house and party guest on the Paris-Monte Carlo-St. Tropez axis. He once wrote a Pulitzer Prize-winning novel and now has trouble whisking the dust off his typewriter. Barbara Woodruff (Diahann Carroll), tall and graceful as a flamingo, has taken a long-legged step from a Harlem fire escape to a high-fashion perch as the best-paid model in Paris. Her philosophy: "I just want money, and then some money, and loads of lovely love."

Can the lovely love of a good top model make an honest writer of David again? Barbara takes a furlough from her career and her rich French would-be lover and wine coach ("Remember, the red wine must never be chilled") to find the answer. "My head is full of you," says David, ignoring his typewriter. "That's wrong," says Barbara mock-stermly, "it's supposed to be full of beautiful words and declarative sentences." It takes a heap of declarative sentences, including several inverse clichés that are almost as good as clichés ("Love makes the world go square"), to establish the fact that David and Barbara are less soulmates than checkmates. At musical's end he is going back to his native Maine to quarry more durable prose, and Barbara is going to "wait" in Paris, presumably for David's next Pulitzer Prize subliminal.

To bolster this pilling book, veteran

Jameson Richard Rodgers, on his fashion-a-score of romantic witchery—most hauntingly *The Sound of Music*, doubling as his own lyricist after four decades with the late Lorenz Hart and Oscar Hammerstein II, Rodgers is less assured more studied than spontaneous, less caught up than caged in his own words.

Quasi-*musical* "No Strings Attached" color line of its interracial love affair. *No Strings* arrived on Broadway with a fanfare of anticipation about new musical comedy techniques. The orchestra has been hauled out of the pit, the bulk of it invisibly placed at the side of the stage and seven men planted downstage. Some of the time these minstrels wander about some of the time they huddle around a table like displaced poker players. The cast and chorus nimbly change settings, rotating panels and moving other airily designed scenic props. The dances bear Joe Layton's inventive signature, but excessive leg, arm, and hand signals threaten to turn the chorus into a platoon of animated traffic cops. As director, Layton has used all these devices to generate motion, at best the poor relation of action.

Among the show's svelte pickings, Nuella Adam plays a prancing photographer's helper of enduring blonde charm who might have been poured into her black nylon tights by a *Playboy* Santa, and Bernice Massi, as a Texan millionairess, nearly pops her gleeful tonsils as she whoops, hollers, and hog-ties men. While the evening really belongs to no one, Diahann Carroll wears her share of it like a tiara. She glides into a song or a breath-catching gown, with pantherish zest and grace. She struts, she pouts, and her grave-gay eyes cry happy. *No Strings* is Diahann Carroll's first strand on a potentially brilliant musical-comedy future.

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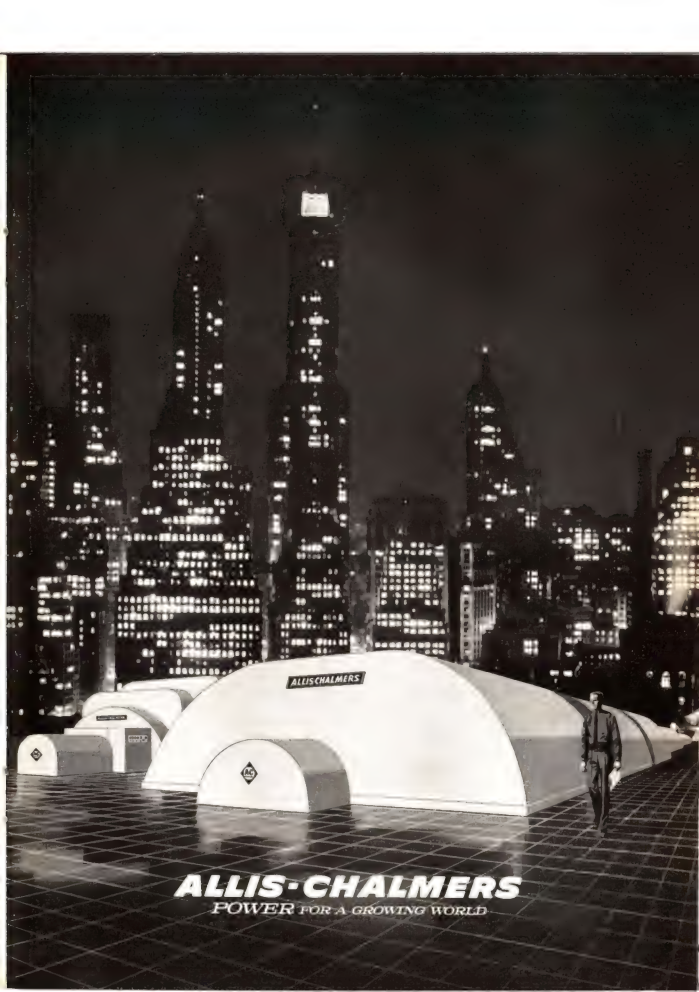
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MUSIC

The Singing Greeks

When he was 14, Playwright Thornton Wilder knew his life's ambition. He wanted to be a composer of operas. He never quite made it, but 50 years later, at 64, Wilder is becoming a handy man-about-the-opera-house: his one-act play *The Long Christmas Dinner* recently provided the libretto for an opera by Composer Paul Hindemith (TIME, Dec. 20). Now his play *The Alcestiad* has furnished the Frankfurt Opera with an engaging and unexpected hit of the same name.

The composer is Louise Talma, 55, a longtime teacher of composition at New York City's Hunter College, who is well regarded for her small body of works (including two piano sonatas, a string quartet, *Toccata* for orchestra, the oratorio *The Divine Flame*). Chances are that Music Lover Wilder would never have collaborated with her had he not heard her *Allergia in form of Toccata* at a piano recital in New Haven more than ten years ago. Later, when Talma heard Wilder read his *Alcestiad* at a private party, she "began to hear the music of the opera even while he was reading."

Wilder set to work on a libretto, keeping one principle in mind: "When you're writing a libretto the first thing to pay attention to is open vowels. Listen to those vowels in *Measure for Measure*. Take. O take those lips away—but the art has almost died out." Wilder revived the art so successfully that Talma did not



TALMA & WILDER (SECOND & THIRD FROM LEFT) AT "ALCESTIAD" REHEARSAL. After 50 years, Wilder is still at the opera house.

have to ask him to make a single change in the free-verse dialogue. She did, however, have to prune the German version of the libretto prepared for the Frankfurt Opera by Translator Herberth Herlitschka. Among the original Wilder lines that Talma particularly admired for their singable quality: "Send me the sign I have waited for. Call me, call me."

The Alcestiad is Wilder's retelling of the Greek legend of Alceus, whose devotion to her husband caused her to offer her life for his. Talma's score, which frequently employed the twelve-tone row, was aglow with curving lyric lines but avoided any hint of romantic lushness.

was sometimes reminiscent of Stravinsky. The lightly modern music at no point obscured the text, at many points sharply illuminated it, as in a moving second-act farewell duet of Alceus (well sung by Soprano Inge Borkh) and Admetus.

At opera's end, bespectacled Composer Talma took her bows while the audience shouted, "Louise, Louise!" Though it came as no shock to an audience accustomed to Berg and Henze, the score nevertheless surprised and delighted some listeners who had not expected, in the words of one German critic, to find "an American lady of Miss Talma's generation writing music more modern than Hindemith."

Recent Records: Popular

LEARNER & LOEWE & CHEVALIER (M.G.M.). "Co-o-o do we take a journey to the moon?" and ageless (74) *Boulevardier* Maurice Chevalier is off on as appealing a vocal flight as his admirers could hope to hear. The album's title notwithstanding, Chevalier's stylish approximations of *How to Handle a Woman*, *On the Street Where You Live*, *I Still See Elisa* have nothing to do with Learner and Loewe.

LIFT (Doris Day with the André Previn Trio). A honey of a partnership, Doris has just the right baby-blue style to complement Previn's elegantly simple arrangements, and the material is right for both of them: *Close Your Eyes*, *Nobody's Heart*, *My One and Only Love*.

RICHARD RODGERS: VICTORY AT SEA VOL. 1 (RCA Victor). Out of Rodgers' apparently indestructible score, Orchestrator Robert Russell Bennett has dug enough material to add a third phenomenally selling album to this phenomenally selling series. The music is not Rodgers' vigorous best, but with the inclusion of authentic battle sounds and the addition of a "Symphonic Scenario" incorporating *Guadalcanal March* and *Hymn of Victory*, the album makes stirring listening.

SING ALONG WITH JONATHAN AND ARLENE EDWARDS (RCA Victor). Another offering by the husband-and-wife team that a few years back jolted music

lovers with their riotously off-key assaults on perfectly innocent tunes. By now, even their detractors must know that the credit belongs to Orchestra Leader Paul Weston on piano and his wife, Singer Jo Stafford. Their fans will find them as cunningly awful as ever.

HEARTY AND HEDDLE (Brothers and Tommy Makem; Columbia). The Irish revolutionaries who now campaign on the nightclub circuit launch with characteristic gusto into the folk favorites of the pubs. In the quartet's repertoire are love songs, drinking songs (*Whiskey, You're the Devil*) and a few broad digs at Mother England.

BRAZEN BRAVE (The New York Philharmonic, John Neschling; RCA Victor). Mood music played by an orchestra so artfully fragmented in the studio and re-assembled that a listener with a mind to call believe he is sitting among the first violins. Mostly for audio addicts.

FOCUS (Stan Getz; Verve). For reasons obscure, jazz musicians these days have a yen to go classical. This latest attempted fusion of longhair and brushset involves seven pieces for string ensemble by Composer-Arranger Eddie Sauter against which Saxophonist Getz pins his softly twining improvisations. The string pieces are in fact little more than an assortment of film-style clichés, but Getz's solos—

soaring, tumbling and melting—are worth the price of the album.

FEEL UP! (Johnny Mathis; Columbia). Crooner Mathis, who seems to have lauded much of the teary quaver out of his voice, gives expert and exuberant treatment to some smart and fairly fresh patter—*Acc in the Hole*, *On a Cold and Rainy Day*, *Why Not*.

THE LION SLEEPS TONIGHT (The Four Seasons; RCA Victor). A first album by the newest teen-age quartet to beat their way to fortune. Here they kick rock 'n' roll to concentrate on folk-style tunes—*Michael, Shenandoah*, *Jamaica Farewell*. Underneath their Brooklyn twang, there are even hints of talent.

SPHIGISTICATED LADY (Julie London; RCA Victor). No singer in the business conveys quite the same impression of breathing down a listener's neck, an effect tolerable in strictly limited quantities. Songstress London is at her best fugging out *Beatched* and *You're Blase*.

THE YOUNG RUDDY VALLEE (RCA Victor). This salute to the Vallee of the '30s and early '40s, taken from recordings of the period, suggests that he came to his true calling late: the man was always a comedian. With that marshmallow voice and paralyzed delivery, he embalms the likes of *The Whippoorwill Song* and *Heigh Ho*, *Everybody*, *Heigh Ho*.



Information is snowballing

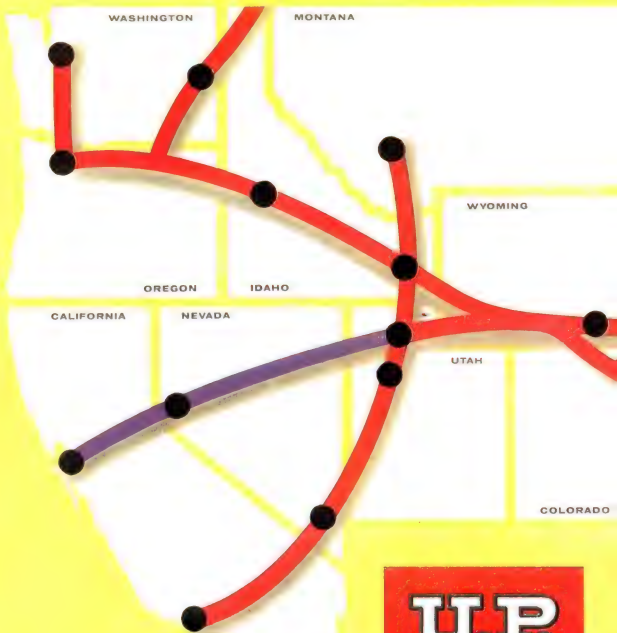
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is finding new ways of using computers to cope with the great volume of information that is piling up in science and business today.

One recent IBM development is a computer system that acts as an electronic traffic director for information. From the flood of reports, articles and books received by an organization, the new system selects and routes information to people according to their specific interests and needs.

In another area, IBM has developed a prototype information system that can store millions of document pages, yet is able to find and deliver a copy of any page within seconds. IBM scientists are also investigating new techniques for abstracting and indexing technical articles automatically.

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additional ductwork. Result: lower operating cost. Among the many buildings now installing this remarkable Yorkaire System is New York's new Hilton Hotel (largest in Manhattan) and the huge Manufacturers Hanover Trust Company building on Park Avenue. And here is further proof that if Comfort were packaged, the label would read: "A product of Borg-Warner."



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EDUCATION

Renaissance in Nashville

When Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt blessed the bishops of the Southern Methodist Episcopal Church with \$1,000,000 to build a university in Nashville 89 years ago, he set a style in largesse that has lingered on the campus ever since. Last week Vanderbilt University's current fund drive was close to its \$10 million goal, and there was every sign that the school was well on the road to a renaissance.

A new quadrangle for women is already under way. A ten-story tower and a hospital will be added to the Medical Center.



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Behind it, a \$4,000,000 science center will go up, and down the way, a \$1,250,000 law building. A graduate school of business and an expanded engineering program will bring more students and the faculty will be enlarged. "I want Vanderbilt to be a great American university, not just a fine Southern university," says Chancellor Harvie Branscomb.

Poets & Players. When Andrew Carnegie offered the medical school \$1,000,000 in 1913, the Methodist bishops sensed an impending loss of control and vetoed the gift. The school's Board of Trust won independence in the Tennessee Supreme Court, settled down in the spirit of uncrowded excellence that Vanderbilt had attained. The first of poetry's Fugitives

arrived in 1915, and with the '20s came Vanderbilt's glorious but short reign as a football power. Then, for nearly two decades, the school lapsed into quiet ease.

Chancellor Branscomb took over in 1946. He put in nine years of dealing with the cliquish, 44-man board, and then persuaded Harold S. ("Mike") Vanderbilt to accept the presidency and lead the school back to the role that his great-grandfather had charted for it—strengthening of ties "between all sections of our common country." Sportsman and Financier Vanderbilt was the first of his family to serve on the board, and he took the job seriously; in private airplanes, he flies into Nashville once a month from homes in New York, Palm Beach and Virginia, works "in great harmony" with Chancellor Branscomb.

A Crusty Leader. The student body of 1,861 is well above the national average in scholastic achievement, and Branscomb has helped by minimizing frills such as football and fraternities. Tuition has risen \$400 since 1958 to the present \$1,000 a year. More than half the students come to Vanderbilt from outside Tennessee, but it remains segregated in all except its professional and graduate schools, where desegregation is only token.

At 67, Alabama-born Chancellor Branscomb has developed a campus reputation for crustiness that makes students marvel at his genius for fund raising. His let-your-conscience-be-your-guide approach has brought Vanderbilt financial support from nearly half its alumni in recent years; in the current drive the Board of Trust set a good example by signing up for \$11 million itself, thereby assuring the school of a \$4,000,000 Ford Foundation matching grant. Branscomb has great expectations for his university, and he is content to sacrifice popularity to realize them. "He's not exactly the kind of man you would want to share a foxhole with," an aide says, "but if you were playing a crucial baseball game, you'd say, 'Pitch Branscomb,' and if it was a doubleheader, you'd say, 'Pitch Branscomb twice.'"

The Vanderbilt alumnus' willingness to get in there and give was matched all over the U.S. on a bigger scale than ever last year, says the annual report put out by Manhattan's John Price Jones Co., an organizer of fund-raising drives. Compared with 1960, says Jones, gifts at 50 leading campuses rose last year by a hefty 22%. The 50 schools raised a record \$346 million, of which individual donors gave 54% (foundations gave 35%, business 11%). The top beneficiaries:

	1960	1961
Yale	\$16,112,000	\$42,207,000
Harvard	37,519,000	40,340,000
Stanford	18,440,000	23,495,000
Columbia	17,791,000	20,402,000
Chicago	12,283,000	19,167,000
California	13,269,000	15,687,000
Princeton	15,545,000	15,602,000
N.Y.U.	11,196,000	15,326,000
Cornell	14,658,000	15,301,000



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MODERN LIVING

THE MARKETPLACE

The Big, Economy-Size Package

Someone was in the kitchen with Dinah—and Mary and Polly and all other housewives last week. It was President John Fitzgerald Kennedy, and like the song says, he was "strummin' on the ol' banjo." The lyrics had a certain down-to-earth reality, but the tune—well, it was the kind usually played on that big organ at convention time. Phrased as a message to Congress, Kennedy catalogued all the complaints about modern life he could think of and then promised to fix them all up in a brave new world of his own.

"Many of the new products used every day in the home are highly complex," observed the President of the U.S. "The housewife is called upon to be an amateur electrician, mechanic, chemist, toxicologist, dietician and mathematician—but she is rarely furnished the information she needs to perform these tasks proficiently."

Cosmetics & Interest. So saying, the President took a crack at Madison Avenue, Washington's favorite whipping boy. The consumer's choice of products, said he, is influenced by "mass advertising utilizing highly developed arts of persuasion. The consumer typically cannot know whether drug preparations meet maximum standards of safety, quality and efficiency. He usually does not know how much he pays for consumer credit . . . whether the performance of a product will in fact meet his needs; or whether the 'large economy size' is really a bargain."

If granted, the new measures Kennedy asked for would create a sort of federal Better Business Bureau to protect even those consumers who long ago gave up trying to beware what they buy. Items:

- ▶ Drug and cosmetic manufacturers should be required to prove that their new products are safe and effective. Drug houses should sell their products by "simple, common names," disclose more information about them to physicians.

- ▶ Federal meat inspection should be broadened to cover intrastate products.

- ▶ Congress should require lenders and vendors to tell credit customers exactly how much they are being charged for interest. One study showed that buyers of used cars paid interest charges averaging 25% and more; "yet very few were aware of how much they were actually paying for credit."

- ▶ The Federal Communications Commission should be authorized to prescribe that new television sets be equipped to receive both UHF (ultra-high-frequency) and VHF (very-high-frequency) signals—an idea obviously inspired by FCC Chairman Newton Minow. Most sets receive only the twelve-channel VHF stations. UHF can deliver as many as 70 channels, and Minow's argument is that more channels will encourage development of more educational and commercial programming.

- ▶ Companies planning mergers should be required to give reasonable advance public notice to protect stockholders and

others who might feel adversely affected by the action.

All of Us. Kennedy added that he would recommend plans to protect consumers from packaging that is fraudulent and misleading. Frequently, he said, a buyer cannot figure the cost per unit of different brands packed in odd sizes, "or of the same brand in large, giant, king-size or jumbo packages. And he may not realize that changes in the customary size or shape of the package may account for apparent bargains, or that 'cents-off' promotions are often not real savings."

"Consumers," said Kennedy with sincere obviousness, "include us all." Their voices are not always as "loudly heard in Washington as the voices of smaller and

gets its picture in the papers, filled out this time by Jackie herself.

The workroom belongs to two sprightly *grandes dames* who are known collectively as Chez Ninon, a small and very expensive dress salon that was costly and exclusive long before it became famous as one of Mrs. Kennedy's favorite dress-shops. The only difference now is that Proprietresses Nona McAdoo Park and Sophie Meldrim Shonnard, who would be sows in *Auntie Mame*, are so pleased to have Jackie's business that they flutter and worry that too much public notice will drive Mrs. Kennedy away. There is little chance of that: Chez Ninon has just what Mrs. Kennedy likes: custom-made copies of the best of Paris.

Desperation & Success. Nona and Sophie got into the dress business in 1928, the year before Jackie was born. Sophie's



CHEZ NINON

What Jackie wants, Jackie gets.

better-organized groups . . . We share an obligation to protect the common interest in every decision we make."

With that, he put his economy-size package at the door of Congress. It contained a siren song the words of which would probably be forgotten, but the melody would linger on.

FASHION

Sophie & Nona

In the back room of a suite in a Park Avenue office building stands a figure that looks just like Jacqueline Kennedy. More precisely, it looks like Jackie only in the sense that whatever fits the figure also fits the wife of the President of the U.S. It is Jackie's own ladykin, a dressmaker's dummy that has all of her dimensions. To this dummy, whenever the call comes through, flock busy seamstresses with costly fabrics and a sense of dedication and flair that is not often seen, say, at quilting bees. They fit and they pin, they cut and they stitch, and when they are all finished, the result

father was a prominent judge in Savannah, Ga.; her first husband was Edward (Ted) Coy. Yale '10, an All-America fullback. Nona, as the daughter of William Gibbs McAdoo, U.S. Secretary of the Treasury under Wilson, was once known as "the Cabinet beauty." "One day," says Sophie, "Nona called me up. Her husband had died recently. She said, 'I'm desperate. We must do something to keep busy.' Well, in those days women didn't work and we didn't know what to do with ourselves. We thought of a dress shop."

After the war, Fifth Avenue's Bonwit Teller invited them in to set up their own custom-order salon; with their family connections and friends in New York and Washington, Nona and Sophie found it easy to build a clientele. It was at Bonwit's in the early '30s that the wife of Senator Jack Kennedy began buying some of their clothes. Two years ago, they moved out to a new place of their own on Park Avenue. Jackie moved with them, and so did such customers as Mrs. William Paley, Mrs. Harry Payne Bingham, Mrs.

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MOVES TO WIN THE MATCH GAME

Arrange sixteen matches in four rows. Each player in turn can pick up any number of matches from one row only. Player who picks up last match loses.

EXAMPLE

A picks up three.	B picks up seven, leaving 3-2-1.	A picks up two.	B picks up three and wins.

SECRET To win, B picks up enough matches to leave opponent one of the following combinations: in four rows, 7-5-3-1, 7-4-2-1, 6-5-2-1, 6-4-3-1, 5-5-1-1, 4-4-1-1, 3-3-1-1, 2-2-1-1; in three rows, 6-5-3, 6-4-2, 5-4-1, 3-2-1, 1-1-1; in two rows, 5-5, 4-4, 3-3, 2-2; in one row, 1-1-1-1-1-1-1-1-1-1-1-1-1-1-1-1.

TIME Diagram by J. Delaney

Charles Wrightsman, Mrs. Douglas Dillon and Mrs. John Sherman Cooper.

Good Sport. To suit them, Nona and Sophie still go to Paris twice a year. On their last trip a few weeks ago, they bought "a little of each," says Sophie. "Some customers adore Lanvin. Others like Nina Ricci and Cardin. Givenchy and Balenciaga." After ordering the originals, the ladies buy fabrics, buttons and other necessary materials. Back at the workshop, their custom seamstresses make up duplicates, and Chez Ninon announces a showing. A private one is held for important customers, such as Jackie and Mrs. Dillon; Jackie herself gets the first look at new clothes, if she requests it.

Suits start at \$850 and go up; gowns can run into the thousands. If a customer orders a dress or a suit that has already been bought by another, Nona and Sophie mention the fact. If the customer still wants it (and if the earlier buyer is Jackie, she nearly always does), she can have it. Nona and Sophie still cluck with dismay about the time last fall when Mrs. Paley, a woman who should know better, swept into the White House dressed in a Chez Ninon special, and then suffered the supreme embarrassment: there was Jackie in the identical dress. Sighs Sophie: "Jackie was a good sport about the whole thing."

popping up at cocktail parties (with colored toothpicks), on commuter trains (with paper matches), in offices (paper clips) and in bars (with swizzle sticks). Only two can play, but any number can kibitz—and everyone, it seems, has a system for duplicating "X's" talent for winning.

Actually the *Marientbad* match game is a variation of one of the most ancient of all two-person mathematical diversions. Originating in China around 1000 B.C., it was given the name Nim by Harvard Mathematician Charles Leonard Bouton, who found, in 1901, that a strategy using move combinations based on binary numbers would make anyone a winner. All the successful player has to do is memorize them—if he can.

In fact, Nim is more of a trap than a game. The canny con man with all the possible combinations locked in his head, graciously allows his victim to go first (see diagram). Since Nim's starting setup (7-5-3-1) is a winning combination itself, whoever tampers with it (i.e., the player who makes the first move) is doomed. But even if the wily match-sharp, out of courtesy or cunning, should agree to move first in an occasional game, he can still save the day by resorting to the memorized combinations as soon as the proper situation presents itself.

Many players have developed even simpler, if less foolproof systems of their own, based either on hunches or intuition. One nimble Nim player moves swiftly to reduce the rows of matches into either an odd number of rows each containing an unequal number of matches, or into an even number of rows each containing an equal number of matches. Says Bosley Crowther, *Marientbad*-applauding motion picture critic of the *New York Times*: "Once I get the other guy to make the first move, I remove even numbers of matches until he loses—almost always—unless he is playing the same rules." Winning the game is good for a free drink in most bars; in some spots matches are dispensed with, and shot-glasses of bourbon are used as pawns, each being downed as it is removed. This frequently results in the players' being removed also before the game is finished.

GAMES

Two on a Match

Early in the murky ravelings of the current movie *Last Year at Marienbad* (TIME, March 16) comes a scene in which the cadaverous "X" invites the importunate "M" to play a little game of matchsticks. With insouciant deliberation "X" lays out 16 matches in four rows on a table top—seven in the top row, five in the next, three next and one alone. He explains that they will take turns picking up the matches; each may take as few or as many as he wishes (even a whole row), but all must be taken from the same row. The player who picks up the last remaining match loses. "X" wins—and wins every time the game is played. He will always win, he points out.

Last week the *Marienbad* game was



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CINEMA

Birth of a Dark Hope

Through a *Glass Darkly* [Sweden film; distributor: Janus] is one of the best and certainly the ripest of Ingmar Bergman's creations—a film as subtle as *Wild Strawberries* but solidier in substance—the first film in which Bergman creates a hero who can love and characters for whom the spectator cannot help but care. "The other pictures I have made," says Bergman, "have been only études. This is *Opus 1*."

Bergman's *Opus 1* is constructed conscientiously as a quartet, a thematic analysis of four lives. The lives are those of a well-known novelist (Gunnar Björnstrand), his 17-year-old son (Lars Passgård), his married daughter (Harriet Andersson) and her doctor husband (Max von Sydow), all on vacation on an isolated Baltic island. The daughter, who has recently been electroshocked out of schizophrenia, is trying to face the difficult facts of her life: a devoted husband whom she does not love, a selfish father whose love she needs but cannot have, an ego that stands fascinated, like a rabbit, before the great snake of the unconscious.

As the young woman watches her father sacrifice his son's happiness to his artistic ambitions, as once he sacrificed hers, she is plunged into depression—the snake swallows her up. She hears voices that force her to give the lonely, unhappy boy the love his father refuses. She also gives him the lust she cannot give her husband. When the seizure passes, she sees that the experience has almost destroyed her brother; appalled by the power of darkness in her life, she longs for salvation. Voices lure her into "another world," promising that there she will see God. All at once, in her mind's delirious eye, she does see God. He is an enormous spider. She is carried off to a madhouse.

Horror cracks the armor of unfeeling that encloses the father's heart. In accepting his guilt for his daughter's destruction, he finds his humanity. He turns

to his suffering son and comforts him. Out of the depths, in wonder and gratitude, the boy cries as the film ends, "Father talked to me!"

The moment—in fact the whole film—is charged with a simple, sincere feeling that has seldom before been noticeable in Bergman's movies. Bergman's new capacity to touch the heart is not a large capacity, not a teeming oceanic love of all mankind. But it is enough to melt the ice in his irony and to lend his humor a kindly glow. It also pumps some warm blood into his characters, and the warmth has relaxed and inspired his actors: seldom has one film offered four performances of comparable quality.

At every point, moreover, the actors are supported by Bergman's impressive cinematic skill. His script is a marvel of elision, speaking most eloquently in what it does not say. His photography is both poetic and worshipful. In every frame of the film the still light of subarctic summer silently instills an aspect of eternity, a sense of the presence of God. But as always, Bergman's interest centers in his metaphysical insights. In *Through a Glass Darkly* he proposes one of the most dreadful and most significant symbols he has ever imagined: the Spider God. Many moviegoers will find this deity depressing. But to Bergman it represents an abysmal Incarnation, the birth of a dark hope.

The Horsemen Get a Ford

The *Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse* [M-G-M], in the famous silent version of 1921, looks pretty silly today—partly because of the story, a piece of rose-in-the-teeth romanticism by Spain's Vicente Blasco-Ibañez, and partly because of Rudolph Valentino, an actor who expressed passion by bulging his eyeballs and moodily wagging his whipstock. Undaunted M-G-M decided to risk a remake of *Horsemen*. With the help of Director Vincente Minnelli (*Gigi*), eight big-name players (Glenn Ford, Ingrid



THULIN & FORD IN "APOCALYPSE
Is Notre Dame a little dog?

Thulin, Charles Boyer, Lee J. Cobb, Paul Lukas, Yvette Mimieux, Karl Boehm, Paul Henreid) and a \$6,000,000 budget the new production manages in several respects to be even sillier than the old.

Producer Julian Blaustein has translated his tale from World War I to World War II, but too often he retains a dated atmosphere of glamour-by-gaslight. Hero Ford, a playboy from Argentina, falls pampassionately in love with Heroine Thulin, a Parisienne married to a patriotic editor. When the editor joins the Resistance, the hero realizes his duty and secretly does the same. Unaware of his decision, the heroine decides that he is merely a lightweight, and goes back to her husband. At the fade, while the violins soar among the bomb bursts, the poor misunderstood playboy dies heroically in an attempt to weaken the Wehrmacht's defenses in Normandy.

The tale is trite, the script clumsy, and the camera work grossly faked. Though the lovers wander all over Paris, the Cathedral of Notre Dame turns up in the background practically everywhere they go, almost as if it were following them around like a little dog. To conceal such detects Director Minnelli pours on the martial music and the Metrocular. When war is declared, the screen turns such a bright blood red that for about half an hour afterward everything looks green. And the *Four Horsemen*—the Biblical war, pestilence, death and conquest—gallop across the sky at intervals like a belly-clenching commercial for stomach pills.

Of the actors, only Boyer, who plays the hero's father, shows any style. Hero Ford portrays his Argentine as a sort of Fisk Tire Baby with sideburns, but in one scene his performance does achieve a certain breadth. During a colossal CinemaScope closeup, according to an excited M-G-M press release, his eyes are darn near 65 ft. apart.



PASSGÅRD & ANDERSSON IN "GLASS"
Is God a spider?

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Skin doctors have the answer!

Two men in five agree: shaving makes their skin razor-raw! Skin doctors say, your skin can go dry. That means those tiny oil glands next to every whisker don't feed enough oil into your skin. Without that oil, blades scraping skin cause friction that can burn, chafe, hurt! Answer: replace that skin oil for more shaving comfort!

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afta
and get rid of those shaving irritations!



SPORT



CHAMPION PATTERSON & CHALLENGER LISTON AT THE SIGNING
Just like a cowboy movie.

The Bad Guy

There was frank animal hatred in the obsidian eyes. The harried champion felt it. He shuddered involuntarily and looked away. On his chest, rivulets of sweat sparkled in the harsh glare of naked lights. Patiently, coldly, the massive-shouldered challenger stalked his prey, drawing his circles tighter and tighter, until the champion was trapped against the ropes. A thudding left to the belly doubled up the champion. Another left to the head made him drop his gloves. The challenger swung his right . . .

This is the dream of Charles ("Sonny") Liston, 29. It is a tortured dream, peopled with shadows: hoodlums, lawyers, judges, cops, commissioners, pugs, promoters, priests, Senators and sportswriters. It is a fragile dream. But there is a chance of its coming true. Last week the terms of the contract were agreed on (55¢ for the champion, 12½¢ for the challenger) and the promotional drums were booming for what promised to be the richest bout in boxing history. This summer, probably in June at New York's Yankee Stadium, Sonny Liston will fight Floyd Patterson for the heavyweight championship of the world, and the total gate receipts are estimated at something like \$4,000,000 (largely because of TV rights).

A Grunt & a Click. Challenger Liston is the most controversial figure to fight for the heavyweight championship since Jack ("Lil' Arthur") Johnson, the first of the great Negro champions and a man whose full-blown arrogance inspired fans to cry for "a great white hope." Semi-literate, surly and suspicious, Liston starts telephone conversations with "It's your dime, start talking," ends them without warning, on a grunt and a click. Brazen and tough, he has been arrested 10 times since 1950, convicted twice (armed robbery, assaulting a police officer), spent

a total of three years in prison. His underworld connections are notorious; he worked as a head-knocking labor goon for St. Louis hoodlum John Vitale, and his boxing career was supervised by stooges of Ganglord Frankie Carbo.

To police in St. Louis, Liston is an incorrigible troublemaker. "He's a bad man," says Detective Sergeant James Reddick. "He hangs out with a bunch of dogs." To his onetime co-manager, Monroe Harrison, he is "vicious all the way." To some sportswriters, he is too mean to be permitted in the ring. Wrote Gene Ward in the *New York Daily News*: "The world has too many hoodlums in high places as it is." Yet to the Rev. Edward P. Murphy, a Denver Catholic priest who befriended him, Liston is "a man of tremendous potential."

The fashionable explanation for criminal acts is a troubled childhood. Liston's was all of that. One of 23 children born to an Arkansas cotton farmer and his two wives, Sonny has hated authority as long as he can remember. "I caught a whupping from my father every day. If he missed a day, I'd have to go to him and ask, 'Why didn't you whup me?'" His mother walked out and went to St. Louis. At twelve, Sonny ran away to join her. "She put me in school," says Liston, "but I was much bigger than the other kids and I didn't stay long. I started fighting, and I started playing hooky, and one thing led to another. I wound up in the house of detention." The original charge was breaking and entering, but Liston soon graduated to grander crime, served two years in the state prison at Jefferson City, Mo., for a series of restaurant robberies. There Liston met a chaplain who interested him in boxing. He memorized helpful hints from Joe Louis' *My Life Story* (sample: "Never jab at your target; always try to jab through it"), soon was prison champion, emerged to win the intercity

Golden Gloves heavyweight championship in 1951.

What Counts. "A boxing match is like a cowboy movie," says Liston. "There's got to be good guys, and there's got to be bad guys. That's what people pay for." Liston is a certified bad guy, but when he squares off against Patterson in June, only one thing will count: How well can he fight?

Judging from his record—33 wins, one loss, 23 knockouts—Sonny Liston can take care of himself in the ring. But he is unlikely to terrify Patterson. With only two exceptions (Tommy Jackson in 1956, Ingemar Johansson in 1959) Patterson has knocked out every man he has faced in the past seven years.

The Fastest Human

The track barriers that once seemed as formidable as the Great Wall of China are crumbling like castles in the sand. In a single season indoors, U.S. athletes have produced a 16-ft. pole vault, a 64-ft. shot-put, a sub-4-min. mile. Last week, as the trackmen started moving from indoor boards to outdoor cinders, Negro Sprinter Francis Joseph Budd, 22, prepared an assault on the sturdiest barrier of all: 9 sec. for the 100-yd. dash.

Marination by Mother. Budd has already run the 100 in 9.2, lowering the 9.3 mark set by Mel Patton in 1948. He is certain that he is just beginning to test his real speed. At the I.C.4-A indoor meet in Manhattan recently, he clocked a record-tying 6 sec. flat for the difficult 60-yd. dash—not once, but twice in the same day. Outdoors at the longer distance, with his flashing acceleration, there is no telling what he can do.



SPRINTER BUDD
Speed seemed a gift.

The wonder is that he sprints at all. As a child in Asbury Park, N.J., he was sickly, and a possible attack of polio left his right calf two inches thinner than his left. But his mother knew how to make an athlete. "Frank was just like a scrawny chicken," she says. "He was always getting awful colds. I tried everything. I massaged his legs with triple-distilled alcohol, triple-distilled witch hazel and imported Italian olive oil. I mixed up goose grease, mutton suet, nutmeg and camphorated oil, and rubbed it on his chest." Well-marinated by the time he got to high school, Budd captained his basketball team, played halfback in football, even then ran the 100 in 9.6 sec. When it came time for college, he had his choice of scholarships for football (Princeton, Navy, Ohio State, Syracuse), basketball (Muhlenberg) or track (Nebraska, Villanova). His choice: track and Villanova.

From Good to Great. At first, Villanova Coach Jim ("Jumbo") Elliott was unimpressed with his new recruit. "He was lazy," says Elliott. "But sprinters are like that. They believe that God gave them their speed and all they have to do is lace up their shoes, comb their hair and run." Not until the 1960 Rome Olympics did Budd realize that work would make him a real champion. Unheralded and unnoticed, he placed fifth in the 100-meter dash—despite the fact that he was spiked in the foot by fellow U.S. sprinter Dave Sime. "When Frank went to Rome," says his Villanova Teammate Paul Drayton, "he was a good sprinter. When he came back, he was great." A solid 5 ft., 10 in., 172 lbs., Budd ran away from everyone in six straight meets during the 1960-61 indoor season. Outdoors that summer, he smashed the 100-yd. record, came within .2 sec. of Sime's 220-yd. mark (20 sec.), and set his sights on still lower times.

The sprinter who could push Budd to the limit is Florida A. & M. Sophomore Robert Hayes, who tied his 9.2-sec. 100-yd. record last month. Budd is eager to race. "I know I can beat Hayes's time," he says. "I'm stronger this year, and I'm much faster."

Scoreboard

► Totally dis-regarding New York Player-Coach Doug Harvey, who was clinging grimly to his right leg, Detroit's Gordie Howe expertly slipped a one-handed shot past Ranger Goalie Gump Worsley for the 100th goal of his 16-year career. Still a relatively youthful—and mighty aggressive—33, Howe needs only 45 more goals to break the National Hockey League scoring record set by Montreal's famed Maurice ("Rocket") Richard.

► As the National Basketball Association wound up its regular season, Philadelphia's incomparable Wilt ("The Stilt") Chamberlain scored 34 points in his final game, finished the season with a fantastic total of 4,029. The old mark, also set by Chamberlain: 3,033 points. Another record breaker: the Boston Celtics, who took their sixth straight Eastern Division championship by winning an alltime high of 60 games to only 20 losses.

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ART



"RECLINING FIGURE NO. 1" & "WOMAN": VITALITY RATHER THAN BEAUTY

The Rougher Moore

The bronze sculptures that moved into Manhattan's Knoedler Gallery last week bore many of the familiar hallmarks of their famed creator—knobbly heads, voluptuously ballooning figures, forms locked within other forms like embryos inside wombs or heads inside helmets. But these similarities aside, Henry Moore's latest sculptures show him much changed since his last Manhattan show in 1954. His surfaces are rougher, his figures more ungraciously and almost every trace of his former elegance appears to have vanished. This may or may not be progress, but it is still a logical progression. Moore is such a consistent artist that every step he takes flows naturally from the one before.

Though Moore takes his cue from nature—primarily from the human figure, but also from "natural forms such as bones, shells and pebbles"—he has always avoided what he regards as the two major perils in the sculptor's art: the temptation to reproduce only appearances, and the feeling that the artist must pursue some inherited ideal of beauty. What Moore has always been after is not beauty but vitality. Between beauty of expression and power of expression there is a difference of function," he believes. "The first aims at pleasing the senses; the second has a spiritual vitality which for me is more moving and goes deeper than the senses."

Three-Way Tug. To be true to nature says Moore, the sculptor must probe, not merely reflect. But he must also be true to his materials, for wood, metal and stone are also a part of nature. Pebbles worn by the sea "show nature's way of working stone. Some of the pebbles I pick up have holes right through them." Moore gouges holes in his sculpture to "make it immediately more three-dimensional."

The making of a sculpture becomes a three-way tug of war between the inner life of the subject, the rhythm of the material and the changing associations of the sculptor himself.

For the Knoedler show, Moore sent only bronzes, mostly because he has become more and more interested in outdoor sculpture, and bronze is more durable than either wood or stone. He has also become interested in doing larger and larger sculptures, and that accounts in part for the roughness of the surface.

The bigger the forms, the bigger the tools," he says. "And the bigger the tools, the bigger the marks they leave." But the roughness also reflects the texture of rocks and mountains. The arresting *Reclining Figure No. 1* is made up of two craggy shapes that resemble sections of a mountain range. The figure itself becomes part landscape, which is Moore's way of asserting nature's unity.

Controlled Environment. Other figures sit against sculpted walls—an experiment in controlling the figure's environment. Some pieces are not figures at all, but totemlike structures that occasionally seem a bit arbitrary. Moore explains these as his effort to capture vertical movement after doing so many reclining figures. "One does the opposite to understand its opposite," he says.

In some pieces Moore is still his old polished self, and the apparent liberties he takes with his forms turn out to be a graceful liberation. But such sculptures as *Woman* possess a new bludgeoning rhythm. They are bold, blunt, brutal—sometimes even crude. And they raise a question. Vitality may be a superior goal to a traditional notion of beauty, but there are times when the sculptor seems to surrender too much control. It is one thing to bring nature back alive; it is another to show it too much in the raw.

Alliance for Beauty

It seemed to the playwright Seneca that with every passing year the women of Rome were becoming more and more vain, their earrings and other jewelry more and more costly. "Probably," said Seneca, "these mad fools of women believe their husbands would not be sufficiently tormented were they not to wear two or three chunks of the hereditary patrimony hanging from each ear." The women doubtless deserved the scolding but their excess of vanity has proved a boon for posterity. For the past few months, thousands of Italians have been delighting in an exhibition of 1,000 Italian gold and silver art objects spanning the centuries from 1,000 B.C. to A.D. 1000.

Professor Carlo Carducci, superintendent of antiquities for Piedmont, got the idea for the show seven years ago. He and three colleagues scoured 15 museums for objects that would highlight one of the most remarkable and least known aspects of Italian art and civilization. The show opened in Turin, went on to Bari and Naples, was on view last week in the Palazzo Reale of Milan. Its next scheduled stop—Zurich in April, Warsaw in June.

Motifs from Egypt. The earliest items in the exhibition came from the tombs of the Etruscan aristocracy. At first Etruscan artisans borrowed heavily from the Phoenicians, who in turn had taken their art motifs—typically the sphinx—from ancient Egypt. The Phoenicians favored storytelling art, but the Etruscans shed narrative for simple beauty. The gold cup (1,300 B.C.) celebrates no victory, tells of no heroic deeds. Decorated only by intricate little sphinxes, the cup delights the eye with its untainted lines.

In the 4th and 3rd centuries B.C., some of the finest artisans were to be found in the south, especially around Taranto, the last of the great Greek western colonies. Never before had craftsmen worked with such ingenuity or achieved greater elegance—earlier ornaments like the amber head, made 2,500 years ago (the color caption is in error), had a rather childlike innocence. The blue bronze hands may have been used to decorate some sort of handle; whatever their secret, they remain one artisan's lasting tribute to feminine grace. Of all the collections in the Taranto region, the richest was found in the tomb of a girl who died in Canosa. Among the objects was a jewel case on the cover of which was a silver disk showing a softened Nereid.

Taste Surrendered. From the workshops of Rome came a shower of rings, earrings, necklaces, brooches, buckles and tiny busts. When the capital of the empire moved to Constantinople, its jewelry became garish and showy; and when the barbarians swept away the glory that was Rome, taste made its final surrender to superficial glitter. In the 1,000 objects in the Milan show, vanity and art started out as allies, ended as enemies. But rarely has the jeweler's hand produced objects of such intimate charm as it did when the alliance was in full flower.



MILAN EXHIBITION of ancient art objects from around the Mediterranean features this 7th century B.C. gold cup with two miniature sphinxes.



AMBER HEAD, once part of necklace some 6,500 years ago, is by itself a charming sculpture of wide-eyed woman.



SILVER DISK that once embellished 3rd century B.C. Greek jewel box shows sea nymph riding ruby-eyed dragon through sea of curlicue waves.



BRONZE HANDS of a woman, circa 300 B.C., are a mystery: when arms, hinged at palms, are open fingers clasp together, but object's use is unknown.



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SHOW BUSINESS

EGOS

Melting the Pot

One afternoon last year, a young actor named Louis Morelli walked into an office in Hollywood. When he walked out, his name was Trax Colton. No one had ever heard of him before, and no one has heard of him since. But he has at least taken his minor place in an ancient rite of Hollywood. Moreover, Morelli was restyled by one of the wizard name changers now practicing the craft—Agent Henry Willson, the man who turned Marilyn Louis into Rhonda Fleming, Francis McGowan into Rory Calhoun, Arthur Gelien into Tab Hunter, Robert Moseley into Guy Madison, and—his great mind wandering from the New Jersey Palisades to the Strait of Gibraltar—Roy Fitzgerald into Rock Hudson.

Since it is axiomatic in show business that the name is rewritten before the teeth are capped, hundreds of literary types like Willson have, over the years, flung into the air a confetti storm of phony names that have settled lightly but meaningfully on the American culture.

Southern Lake. The largest group is the Readily Understandables. Issur Danielovitch lacks, well, euphony. So the name was shortened to Kirk Douglas. It is also understandable why Tula Ellice Finkles would want to change her name to Cyd Charisse. Frances Gumm to Judy Garland. Bernie Schwartz to Tony Curtis. Sarah Jane Fuls to Jane Wyman. Emma Motzo to Elizabeth Scott. Judith Tuvim to Judy Holliday. Doris Kappelhoff to Doris Day. Aaron Chwatt to Red Buttons. Zelma Hedrick to Kathryn Grayson. Eunice Quedens to Eve Arden. Natasha Gurdin to Natalie Wood. Barney Zanville to Dane Clark, and William Biedle to William Holden. England's James Stewart, eclipsed by Hollywood's James Stewart, changed his name to Stewart Granger. Frederick Bickel—rhymes with pickle—changed his name to Fredric March. Frederick Austerlitz was just too ho-holed a surname to weight the light shoes of Fred Astaire. Cary Grant, of course, would have been unstopable with any name from Pinky Fauntleroy to Adolf Hitler—even, for that matter, with his own name: Archie Leach.

But the whys start colliding with the wherefores. There is a group, for example, that could be called the Inexplicables. Why would a girl with a graceful name like Harriette Lake want to change it to Ann Sothern? John F. Sullivan could have hardly been afraid of being mistaken for John L. when he changed his name to Fred Allen. The name Edythe Marrenner is at least as interesting as Susan Hayward. Why change Thelma Ford to Shirley Booth. Jeanette Morrison to Janet Leigh. Patrick Barry to Barry Sullivan. Edward Flanagan to Dennis O'Keefe. Kim Reid to Kim Stanley. Virginia McMath to Ginger Rogers. Julie Wells to Julie Andrews. Helen Beck to Sally Rand. John Hamilton to Sterling Hayden. Diane

Belmont to Lucille Ball, Thyllis Isley to Jennifer Jones?

Tallyho. Actors with plain, pronounceable. American Legion sort of names yearn for toning up. Ruby Stevens is Barbara Stanwyck; Peggy Middleton is Yvonne De Carlo; Norma Jean Baker is Marilyn Monroe. Even Gladys Smith found a little more stature in the name Mary Pickford. On the other hand, embarrassed bluebloods shed their hyphens and thus declare their essential homogeneity with the masses. Reginald Truscott-Jones was too obviously soaked in tallyho.



NORMA JEAN BAKER



BILL PRATT



GLADYS SMITH

Shed before the teeth are capped.

He became Ray Milland, Spangler Arlington Brugh denuded himself of all his nominal raiment and emerged as Robert Taylor. Audrey Hepburn-Ruston amputated its neatly.

Some real names are out of character. Roy Rogers was Leonard Slye, Boris Karloff could not have frightened a soul as William Henry Pratt, Gypsy Rose Lee has done things that Rose Louise Hovick would presumably never do. Other real names seem to be struggling to express themselves. Merry Mickey Rooney was once Joe Yule Jr. Sam Goldwyn was Sam Goldfish. Shelley Winters was Shirley Schmitt. Lili St. Cyr was Marie van Shack. Diana Dors was Diana Fluck.

Charming, Chiming. Hollywood stars come from every sort of ethnic and national-origin minority group. Many of them are bitterly vocal about U.S. democracy's failures. If enough of them had stuck by their original names, the resulting influence, through the vast popularity of the movies, would have done much to soften bias and reduce prejudice. No one would challenge their actions individually, but they could have served themselves better as a group.

Among actors of Italian and Spanish background, for example, Dino Crecetti opted to be Dean Martin, Margarita Cansino became Rita Hayworth, Anna Maria Italiano is now Anne Bancroft. Anglicizing their names. Anthony Benedetto became Tony Bennett and Giovanni de Simone became Johnny Desmond. Among Jews, Izzy Itzkowitz probably needed to sandpaper that a bit; yet he stayed with

a Jewish name: Eddie Cantor. But most—from Jerry Levitch (Jerry Lewis) to Nathan Birnbaum (George Burns), Emanuel Goldenberg (Edward G. Robinson), Pauline Levy (Paulette Goddard), Rosetta Jacobs (Piper Laurie), and Melvin Hesselberg (Melvyn Douglas)—have preferred the Anglo-Saxon angle.

Many actors sculpt their real names. Ethel Zimmerman clipped off the zim. Vivien Hartley lost her hart. James Baumgarner dropped the baum. Grace Stanfield is now Gracie Fields. Uncle Miltie was once Milton Berlinger. One letter made the difference for Dorothy Lambour. First names have a habit of turning into surnames. Benny Kubelsky changed his name

to Jack Benny. Muni Weisenfreund to Paul Muni. Preston Meservey to Robert Preston.

Last names vanish: Arlene Francis Kazanjian, Maybirt Wilkens, Eddie Albert Heimberger. Some stars can't stand their first names. Leslie Hope and Harry Crosby went for a solid Bob and a charming, chiming Bing.

Khan Man. Lolita Dolores Martinez Asunsolo Lopez Negrette is now Dolores Del Rio. Marion Morrison probably thought his name sounded girlish so he changed it to John Wayne. Douglas Fairbanks was really Douglas Uman. June Allyson was Ella Geisman. Tasmania's Estelle Merle O'Brien Thompson started her career as Queenie Thompson, outgrew that and became Merle Oberon. Yul Brynner goes around saying that his original name was Tajide Khan Jr. of northeast Asia, but he is probably Allie Jones of Kansas City, Mo., or something like that. No one has ever been able to pin him down about his background, not even his wives.

Meanwhile, Rip Torn, that bisyllabic symbol of absurdly phony Hollywood names, is really Rip Torn. His father was Rip Torn, too.

TELEVISION

Deceptive Regulation

The television industry employs something called Broadcast Advertisers Reports, which monitors TV commercials and helps the industry regulate itself. Last week B.A.R. Chairman Phil Edwards



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EKBERG & FIEND
Oh, Vesuvius, Oh, Fujiyama.

turned around and hit the master. His chief complaint: B.A.R. monitors local stations, which choke the air with commercials in excess of industry rules. B.A.R. turns in a report. The station ignores it. The National Association of Broadcasters ignores it. The commercials go on. "I suppose we would have realized from the start that nobody would give himself a ticket for speeding," said Edwards. "We will not be privy to a farce."

With that, he announced that B.A.R. would no longer undertake to monitor television stations for the industry. Said Edwards: "Self-regulation on an industry-wide basis is not only deceptive; it is impossible."

MOVIES ABROAD

Chicks Boccacciatore

Anita Ekberg is 60 ft. long. She is lying down. On the great thoracic curve of her earth-mother's body there rises a bosom that suggests Vesuvius trying to whisper to Fujiyama. Ah, but she is only a paper doll. Anita has posed for a billboard photograph. In her hand is a glass of milk. A loudspeaker blares: "Drink more milk—milk—milk."

A man comes out of an apartment house across the street. He is some kind of religious nut who spies on lovers in public parks, then denounces them vehemently; he carries a prayer book in one hand and pinches pretty bottoms with the other. In a soaring ilight of pathetic phallacy, he begs Ekberg to come down off that sign and stop damaging the public morals. "All right," says Ekberg. All ten fathoms of her descend from the sign. She plucks up the dirty-minded fellow removes his trousers, and clutches him to her mammoth mammaries.

No Honey. When the Italians saw all that—at Milan's world premiere of the Italian cinema's long-anticipated *Boccaccio '70*—they burst forth, some with catcalls and derisive whistles, others with cheers. Produced by Carlo Ponti, husband of Sophia Loren, *Boccaccio '70* tells four stories. None derive from the *Decameron*

that Giovanni Boccaccio wrote six centuries ago, but they are designed as modern reflections of Boccaccio's lusty humanism, and the '70 of the title is a wild hope that the film will still be running eight years from now. Judged on the collected talent alone, it would seem to have a chance.

Federico Fellini (*La Dolce Vita*) directed the billboard fantasy, making three-fourths of the Ekberg visible beneath the surface. Vittorio De Sica (*Two Women*) directed Sophia Loren in a tale about a girl who works in a traveling circus. At each town, a raffle is held and the winner gets Sophia. In one village, Sophia meets and falls in love with a local lad. To cleanse her name and clear her future she gives the winner of that day's raffle all the money but no honey.

July. Boys. Luchino Visconti (*Rocco and His Brothers*) directed German Actress Romy Schneider as the wife of a titled amorist who goes for \$1,000-a-night call girls and has a bottomless exchequer to assure his supply. His wife decides to leave him, but tells him dryly that he can have her any time he wants her for \$600 (she discounts the madam's \$400 cut). The segment ends with the wife sadly undressing as the husband pantingly writes out a check.

The fourth story, slightly out of line with the others, demonstrates the triumph of domestic virtue over heartless capitalism, spinning out the saga of a young couple who are wed secretly because his company forbids employees to marry until they have been on the payroll for three years. It will be dropped from the picture when Co-Producer Joe Levine (TIME Feb. 24, 1961) releases it in the U.S. next July.

The Vatican has greeted the film with an E rating—which would stand for Excommunication if celluloid had a soul, but in reality means Extra-Money-at-the-Box-Office. *Boccaccio '70* proved the point by grossing more than \$200,000 in its first ten days, milking the Italian population at an even more prodigious rate than *La Dolce Vita* did.

THE PRESS

The Rising Wave

In Algiers, the Place du Gouvernement, a sun-baked square between the cashah and the harbor, is known as "L'Abattoir" (the slaughterhouse). There, during the bloody struggle for Algerian independence, Moslem terrorists have taken a steady and fearful toll of Europeans. Last week, L'Abattoir butchers claimed two fresh victims in as many days. The deaths underscored an ugly new dimension that has been added, in its expiring moments, to the senseless 7½-year Algerian war. Both victims were newsmen.

First to die was Jean-Hubert Poggi, 38, of the daily *Dépêche d'Algérie* (circ. 50,000). A gentle giant of a man who was born in Algiers and lived alone on the

In their war against the European enemy, Moslem terrorists draw no line between the journalists and the French colonists. But the Moslems are not the only danger. From the carefully considered terror of the S.A.O. no newsmen is safe. In an earlier day, the S.A.O. welcomed both French and foreign reporters, believing—wrongly—that they would render support for an *Algérie Française*. Arriving newsmen were met at the airport by S.A.O. representatives; with S.A.O. leaders, interviews were easy to obtain.

But of late, as the correspondents reported S.A.O.'s killings to the world, the attitude toward newsmen of any nationality has veered from affection through suspicion and hostility to hatred. Rare is the man on the Algiers beat who has not

owned radio-TV network, RAI. Scarcely had the newcomers registered at the flea-bitten Hotel Aletti when S.A.O. gunmen invaded the hotel and, under the studiously indifferent gaze of hotel employees, not only made off with \$8,000 worth of RAI equipment but kidnapped an Italian newsmen as well. Fifteen minutes too late, the armed French riot police showed up.

The hostage, Giovanni Giovannini, 41, of Turin's *La Stampa*, was being driven at furious speed through the night—past police who respectfully saluted the kidnapper—and wound up in a circle of executioners. "The commandant," he later reported, "was a distinguished man in his 60s, and extremely polite. 'Signore,' he said to me, bowing, 'I have the honor of informing you, in the name of our supreme commander, General Raoul Salan, that you have been sentenced to death.' Turning to the others, he said, 'Shall we get it over with?'"

Pleading for his life, Giovannini finally promised to sing Salan's praise in print. The "commandant" stayed his execution and returned him to the Aletti with a message for all twelve Italian newsmen in Algiers: leave, or die. Eleven left by the next available plane. The twelfth, Nicola Caracciolo, to, of Milan's *Il Giorno*, defiantly holed up in the Italian consulate for three days ("It is my moral and professional duty to stay at my post"). Then he, too, prudently fled to Rome.

Newsmen in Algiers have little hope that matters will improve immediately after a cease-fire is signed. For a few weeks, the S.A.O. will probably still control Algiers. "We cannot even protect ourselves," said one police prefect to foreign newsmen appealing for protection from the rising wave of terrorism. "How can we be expected to protect journalists?"

Checkbook Journalism

"Jimmy can't expect me to stand up and praise him for the crooked life he's led," wrote the father of Murderer-Rapist James Hanratty (*TIME*, March 2) in London's *Daily Express* (circ. 4,328,524). Elsewhere in the paper, the girl Hanratty raped relived her travail: "I thought he wouldn't do it. I thought it could never happen, that I was dreaming." London's *Sunday Pictorial* (5,306,246) weighed in with first-person accounts from the beautician who dyed the fugitive killer's hair, and from other members of the family who had helped him hide. Sample quote: "When he was asleep, his mouth was always open. He looked like a child."

These gaudy journalistic outbursts had one thing in common: all of the stories were bought and paid for by Britain's popular press. Even Hanratty himself optioned his story to the *Express*—which was shrewdly holding off a while, perhaps until Hanratty's date with the gallows. The prices that Fleet Street paid for its stories were not high; the *Express*, for example, managed to sew up its principals for some \$8,000. Yet for unabashed checkbook journalism, Fleet Street has its own style.

Anything goes, John George Haigh, who



SNEAKED SHOT OF GENDARMES CHECKING JOURNALISTS AT THE ALETTI
Between L'Abattoir and the S.A.O., this man was safe.

edge of the cashah, Poggi ignored the advice of friends that he move to a safer place. "The Moslems know me," he said, "and I know them." But that did not stop one of his neighbors from putting a bullet through Jean-Hubert Poggi's brain. Next was a reporter for Paris' *Le Figaro*, Jean-Claude Dadant, 26, gunned down as he left his office in the Admiralty building.

No Time for Sentiment. For newsmen, Algeria has become the most dangerous assignment in the world. In January an enraged mob of Europeans broke the arms of a photographer for *Look* magazine who had snapped pictures of a race riot in Ball-el-Oued, an Algiers suburb. Last month, a French TV cameraman, James Bantos, was shot to death. Fortnight ago, Camille Pelletier of United Press International, emerging from a building in downtown Algiers, was set upon by a razor-wielding thug of the S.A.O., the Secret Army Organization, and viciously slashed about the face.

been threatened by the S.A.O. Recently, two LIFE men were forced to surrender their film at gunpoint. ABC Correspondent John Casserly was told to leave town on pain of death; he now covers Algeria from Tunis. "We have no time for sentiment," an S.A.O. gunman told the New York *Herald Tribune*'s Tom Lambert, after Lambert's arrival in Algiers in late January. "If we have to, we will not hesitate to kill any of you."

By the strange logic that guides its movement, the S.A.O. has singled out Italian newsmen as prime prey. Algeria is heavily populated with Italian immigrants, and the S.A.O. assumed that the Italian press would sympathize with its cause. But Italian radio broadcasts (easily heard in Algiers) and imported Italian papers were disillusioning, and with disillusionment began a saga of terror.

Grade-B Thriller. The campaign reached a peak with the arrival in Algiers last month of six men from Italy's state-



KILLER-RAPIST HANRATTY (UNDERWRAPS)
Even the beautician collected.

dissolved nine British subjects in acid after first quaffing goblets of their blood, collected \$14,000 from the *News of the World* for an exclusive story of his grisly deeds. An attorney for a woman cleared of fatally poisoning her spouse accepted bids on her story (the *Sunday Express* won, for \$35,000). Some years ago, a murderer sold his confession to a paper even as he pleaded his innocence in court.

The lurid press aftermath of big British criminal cases is a direct result of the country's stringent laws governing coverage of crime. Although a trial can be reported in full, any paper that goes beyond the testimony—even to describe the mien of the magistrate on the bench—risks heavy fines and severe punishment. Behind such enforced discipline accumulates the enormous urge of a newspaper to tell the whole story—as well as an enormous public urge to hear it. Then the check-books come out.

However sensible the necessity of protecting the privacy even of the man in the dock, the British system has its drawbacks. For one, witnesses already under hire by some newspaper face an irresistible impulse to embroider the truth for the sake of tomorrow's headlines. And Britain's checkbook journalism has inspired in the heart of many a felon the conviction that crime does pay. Said Stuart Campbell, editor of the *People* (c19c, 5:450,727): "It's getting to the point that when you ask anyone the color of his hat, he says, 'Six quid and I'll start talking.'"

Ammunition for Isolationists

Columnist Walter Lippmann, who has descended from his oracular heights to become a plain Kennedy Democrat, had the first word. "It now appears," he wrote last week of an Administration plan to buy \$100 million worth of United Nations bonds, "that it may be defeated by a coalition of Republicans and Southern

Democrats." The danger: a counterproposal, by U.S. Senators George D. Aiken of Vermont and Bourke B. Hickenlooper of Iowa, both Republicans, that the U.S. Government lend the U.N. the money instead. Charged Lippmann hotly: This "confused raid on the bond plan" was caused by "crude partisanship . . . personal disgruntlement . . . old-fashioned isolationist hostility."

But if Lippmann had the first word, Aiken had the last. In a bitter denunciation of the columnist from the Senate floor, Aiken said that his object was to help, not hurt, the U.N. "By making false statements and accusations," said the Senator, addressing himself directly to Lippmann, "you and people who act like you are giving the old-fashioned isolationists the most potent ammunition they have had in the last two decades."

Enter Eros

The advance promotion promised to lay sex right on the line, "*Eros* is the magazine of sexual candor . . . devoted to love in its every manifestation . . . It will not be fidgeted by censors." The price only added to the excitement: \$10 per copy, \$25 for a four-issue yearly subscription. This week, with the arrival of spring and the rutting season, the first 75,000 copies of *Eros* went to charter subscribers and on sale at bookstores. One quick trip through the newcomer's 80 pages should have been enough for even the basest appetite to discover that *Eros* is a four-letter word spelled "bore."

The magazine's nudes are reproductions of old masters—Bordone's *Venus and Cupid*, Manuel's *The Judgment of Paris*—and remarkably chaste: for the true voyeur, either *Playboy* (60¢) or New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art (admission free) houses far fleshier work. Some of *Eros*'s articles are cribbed from history: De Maupassant's *Madame Tellier's Brother*, which first wowed Parisians in 1881; poems by the Earl of Rochester (d. 1680); their mild eroticism heavily disguised in battered olde type. Votaries of contemporary vulgarity got their kicks mainly in the titles of *Eros*'s assortment of original stuff. An article on "Erotomania," for example, turned out to be a scholarly study of lovesickness by Psychologist Theodor (Listening with the Third Ear) Reik.

Eros is the by-blow of Ralph Ginzburg 32, a Brooklyn-born freelance writer who first discovered the marketability of the sex label during a tour with *Esquire* Magazine. Ginzburg wrote an article on erotica that *Esquire* paid him for but decided not to print—partly on the ground of dullness. Fired later by the magazine, he expanded his article into a book, *An Unhurried View of Erotica*, which, he claims, sold 125,000 copies in hard cover and 150,000 in paperback. This response to what was little more than a bibliography of erotic books encouraged him to give birth to *Eros*. Ginzburg claims he has enough material to keep *Eros* going for three years, some of it collected in forays on the New York Public Library. He may decide to return most of it.

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RELIGION

Exonerating God

When a telephone pole fell on his car during a storm, Rodney Bowman of Florin, Pa., suffered a broken back and sued the Columbia Telephone Co. for \$10,830 in damages. In defense, the company argued that the accident was an "act of God." Last week, ruling against the company, the Pennsylvania Supreme Court suggested that it was time to abandon this venerable defense (the term dates back to 1581). "The loose use of the name of the Deity in the realm of the law should not be a matter of our approval," said Justice Michael A. Musmanno. "There is something shocking in attributing any tragedy or holocaust to God. The ways of the Deity so surpass the understanding of man that it is not the province of man to pass judgment upon what may be beyond human comprehension."

The Christ of Judaism

Jesus was a Jew. This rudimentary fact about the Son of Man is often overlooked by Christians, who are habitually prone to emphasize the differences rather than the similarities between their religion and Judaism. In *Jesus of Nazareth: The Hidden Years* (Morrow; \$4), French Historian Robert Aron, who is a Jew, tries to show how deep was the influence of Israel and its religion on Jesus during his formative years. Aron's discursive, imaginative biographical essay has been praised by such Christians as France's President Charles de Gaulle (a Roman Catholic) and Albert Schweitzer (a Protestant).

Between the time the Holy Family settled in Nazareth and Christ's baptism at the age of 30, the New Testament records only one incident in the life of Jesus: his

visit, at the age of twelve, to the Temple in Jerusalem, where he spent three days in conversation with the rabbis, astounding them with his learning. But Aron argues that Jesus was presumably brought up like any other boy of Biblical times; by understanding the nature of that childhood training, Christians can better understand the human personality of the man they worship as the Son of God.

Misled by Metaphor. Jesus' roughhewn peasant tongue was Aramaic, a language akin to classical Hebrew. The peculiar quality of Aramaic forced Jesus to think in certain ways. Unlike Greek or Latin, it has few specific words to express philosophic concepts; most abstract ideas can only be suggested by concrete metaphors, which have often been misinterpreted in translation. When Jesus, for example, used the phrase from Mosaic law, "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth," it did not mean—as untutored readers of the King James version might assume—that justice demands violent revenge for violent crime. "This would be contrary to the Jewish law of loving one's neighbor as one's self and having mercy on one's enemy," Aron points out. "It is a typically Semitic metaphor meaning that there is an appropriate punishment for every crime."

Jesus' parents were devout Jews, who probably had a *mezuzah* (a roll of parchment containing an ancient Hebrew prayer known as the *Shema*) on the doorpost of their modest home in Nazareth and kept a kosher kitchen. "We may deduce," Aron says, "that Jesus observed the dietary laws." Aron believes that Mary probably put *tzitzit*, or fringes on the child's coat, in obedience to an injunction in *Deuteronomy*, and that Jo-

seph taught him the carpenter's trade. "Just as it is necessary to feed one's son," says the Talmud, "so it is necessary to teach him a manual trade."

Empty Choir. If they were devout, Jesus' parents brought him up to recite the benedictions and prayers prescribed for certain hours of the Hebrew day, and sent him to the synagogue for the study of Hebrew and the Law. Perhaps, Aron suggests, it was at the family's Passover *seder*, when an empty chair is placed at the table in case Elijah should come, that Christ first learned about the Messiah, and wondered about his own mission. Aron claims that much of the Lord's Prayer paraphrases the old Aramaic prayer, the *Kaddish*, which Jesus undoubtedly learned and absorbed as a youth. Even the Beatitudes in the Sermon on the Mount are a direct reflection of common Jewish beliefs that Jesus could have heard from the rabbis at the Nazareth synagogue. "Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy" might well have reminded Christ's listeners of another rabbinical text: "If any man pities another, God will pity him."

Aron believes that Jesus got this thorough Scriptural training from the Pharisees, whom he was later to criticize for their hardness of heart. Among the various schools of rabbinical interpretation, the Pharisees were the most meticulous in their performance of ritual, the most liberal in their interpretation of the law. Like Christ, they preached a doctrine of love for all men, gentle as well as Jew. Like Christ also, they attempted to stand aside from Israel's political ferment; "Render therefore unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's" is a teaching in accord with tradition of the Pharisees. Aron believes that the doctors with whom Christ spent three days in discussion at Jerusalem were Pharisees, who were traditionally of lower-class origin themselves and more likely than other rabbis to receive the son of a carpenter. A literary form often employed by Christ, the parable, was a method of teaching also used by the Pharisees.

The Mission. Christ appeared at a time in human history when Israel was an occupied land, and Jewish spirituality was being subtly corrupted by Greek rationalism; it was thus perfectly natural that Jesus should reject as much as he borrowed from the Judaism he grew up in. As a Jew, Aron does not accept Christ's divinity, but does believe that he had a divinely inspired mission—a mission to the pagan world, rather than to Israel, Judaism, which thought of the world as a sacred place dedicated to God, could never have conquered the pragmatic gentle mind, which saw the world as profane and spoiled. Christianity could offer the Greek and Latin people a miracle that brought the sacred back into the profane, the miracle of a God who became man. It was Israel, says Aron, that discovered the One God; it was a carpenter's son from Nazareth, trained in the lore and law of Judaism, who gave that God to the world.



DÜRER'S "JESUS AMONG THE DOCTORS"
Israel discovered the God that Christ gave to the world.



LIFE PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL ROUGIER

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LIFE

If your wife does a lot of driving,

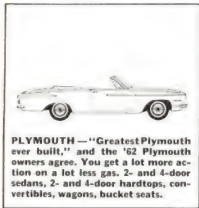


If you think your wife is interested only in the color and finish of the upholstery, or how well the rear-view mirror works when she wants to put on her lipstick, she's already laughing at you as she reads this over your shoulder.

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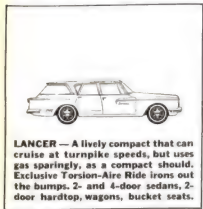
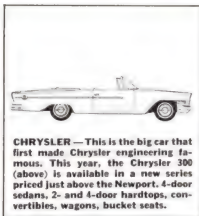


the shape and fit without the seams coming apart.

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Wausau Story

Another report about "GOOD PEOPLE TO DO BUSINESS WITH"

How home-grown ideas outfox the foxes

by **EDWARD FROMM**

*President of the world-famous
Fromm Brothers Fur Farms, Hamburg, Wisconsin*

"This year the 'crop' on our old family farm near Wausau includes some 20,000 fox pelts in a range of beautiful colors from sleek silvers to 'Golden Ambers,' the exclusive mutation we developed.

"Add mink—about 60,000—and I guess that puts us right up there among the largest fur raisers in the world. That's exactly what three of my brothers and I made up our minds we'd be someday,



The oldest of us was 13 when the decision was made.

"That was a tough decision to carry through. We literally had to 'outfox the foxes' to develop healthy litters. And we only had homegrown ideas to rely on for

housing, feeding and ways to get the luxurious furring that would meet our standards and the requirements of top fashion designers.

"Speaking of requirements, none could be more rigid or demanding than those met by Employers Mutuals' people in handling our insurance. A fur farm isn't a factory. Our workers, mostly neighbors, must be protected in a special way . . . and accidents and losses must be prevented by applying a specific kind of knowledge. We count on Employers Mutuals' people for their own variety of home-grown ideas to give us the help we need whenever we need it. They're good people . . . and good people to do business with."



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BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS

Productivity & Profits

At the heart of the steel negotiations lies a dispute over productivity. Both sides pretty well agree that labor costs should go up only as productivity does. Steelworkers figure that they have been boosting productivity by somewhat more than 3% a year, while the steelmakers contend that the rise is 2% or less. Last week management's argument was publicly voiced by U.S. Steel Corp. President Leslie B. Worthington, 59, a coal miner's son who rose through sales to become second in command to Chairman Roger Blough, of the world's biggest steelmaker. Said the usually soft-spoken Worthington:

"There is more to measuring productivity than the one element of output per man-hour. What about the capital invested in more efficient equipment? What about the research which produced better production processes and the know-how which made available higher quality materials? What about the input of management, which directed and contributed to all of this effort?"

Strapping Steel. What worries Worthington is that blue-collar workers may get undue credit for productivity rises for which they are only partly responsible, and on the strength of this inflated claim get extravagant wage-and-benefit increases that would eat into profits and leave the steel companies strapped for funds for capital expansion. "In 1960," said Worthington, "European countries invested some 10% of their gross national product in capital equipment, while we devoted only 5% to this purpose. Why? The answer is we have been discouraging the flow of investment capital. As a percentage of gross national product, corporate profits after taxes have been squeezed down from 8% in 1950 to 4% in 1960."

Many economists agree with Worthington's stand on productivity; even some union economists concede that part of the fruits of increased productivity should go into increased dividends and capital expansion as well as into higher wages.

Hard Line. Worthington's line on inadequate profits is harder to buy. His comparison of recession-hit 1960 with the boom Korean war year of 1950 seriously distorts the profits picture. In fact, corporate profits averaged only 6.4% of the G.N.P. between 1945 and 1949 and since the end of the Korean War they have been averaging just under 5%. Moreover, industry's allotments for capital outlays are determined not just by profit margins but also by consumer spending patterns and by the amount of existing manufacturing capacity (most industries currently have more than they can use). Though profits after taxes are expected to soar from last year's \$23 billion to about \$27 billion this year, industry's plans for capital spending have not increased proportionately.

As for U.S. Steel itself, it has turned



U.S. STEEL'S WORTHINGTON
What about capital?

in handsome after-tax profits of 5.5% to 9.5% on its sales every year since 1953. Part of the reason is that Big Steel has followed every wage hike since World War II—except those negotiated in early 1960—with an even bigger price rise.

Waging the Gold War

Fort Knox last week bore an uncomfortable resemblance to a besieged stockade on the plains of the Old West. The fort was under attack not by Redskins but by sharp-eyed and pin-striped foreign bankers. In the past fortnight, U.S. gold reserves have fallen by \$50 million, now stand at a 23-year low of \$16.7 billion. This is \$2 billion less than total short-term foreign claims against the dollar. While U.S. officials rightly insist that foreigners will scarcely call all their claims at once, the fact that U.S. gold reserves could theoretically be wiped out on call is a threat to confidence in the dollar.

The gold drain, a major U.S. affliction since 1958, results from the fact that the U.S. spends and lends more abroad than it earns there. In its foreign trade, the U.S. regularly shows a comfortable surplus (\$3.6 billion last year). But this is more than outweighed by tourist spending, private investment abroad, foreign aid, military assistance to U.S. allies, and the cost of maintaining U.S. troops overseas—all of which added up to \$16.6 billion last year. Things have improved somewhat since 1960, when the nation lost a jarring \$1.7 billion worth of gold. But the fact that the U.S. was losing gold this month—when it actually gained some gold in March a year ago—had Washington newly uneasy last week. Even if the total gold drain for 1962 could be held to the 1961 level of \$700 million, as the Administration expects, there would be no

cause to cheer. If—improbably—the U.S. continued to lose gold at that rate indefinitely, Fort Knox would go bust sometime around 1984.

Friendly Persuasion. Because the whole free world has a stake in seeing that Fort Knox doesn't go bust, Washington has recently been inundated with a flurry of radical suggestions for keeping it solvent. A group of Republican Congressmen want the Government to discourage speculation in gold by abandoning the guaranteed U.S. purchase price of \$35 an ounce. French Economist Jacques Rueff, who masterminded De Gaulle's successful currency reform plan, urges complete scrapping of the managed-money system and a return to the classical gold standard—a step that he argues would stimulate the international flow of capital and trade. This is supported by Philip Cortney, president of Coty Inc., who also wants the support price of gold raised to \$70 an ounce, thus doubling the value of the diminishing U.S. reserve.

Few in Washington take these ideas seriously—if only because the Administration has opened up a broad offensive in the gold war that is already producing some preliminary signs of success. Washington wants all good men to come to the aid of the dollar by helping the U.S. to spend less and earn more abroad. Friendly foreign governments are proving to be receptive, if not out of gratitude for past favors, then out of hardheaded realization that the West's basic currency cannot be permitted to go to pot. A progress report from the many fronts in the gold battle:

► The Treasury and Defense Departments are pressuring allies to buy more of their military hardware in the U.S. The West Germans have already agreed to buy \$600 million worth yearly—which just about equals U.S. troop upkeep costs in Germany.

► The State Department is stepping up the "Buy America" program in foreign aid. Where two-thirds of past aid funds had to be spent in the U.S., four-fifths of future funds will be so "tied."

► The Treasury is making it unprofitable to speculate in foreign currencies and gold. It has begun 1) to buy and sell foreign currencies to keep their prices stable relative to the dollar, and 2) to sell some gold on the London market to keep prices low. Last month, for the first time in 18 months, London gold prices dipped fractionally below the U.S. support level.

► President Kennedy is pressing to increase the U.S. export surplus by slashing tariffs. His No. 1 legislative goal this year is passage of his trade expansion bill. Stumping for it last week, Treasury's Douglas Dillon argued that exports can be meaningfully expanded "only if through negotiations, we ensure that the doors to major foreign markets be opened wider for U.S. products."

Unfriendly Barriers. Europe and Japan can afford to do a lot of widening. Their economies have now become so robust—thanks in large part to \$50 billion in U.S. aid during the postwar era—that they can comfortably scrap many anachronistic tariffs, quotas and excise taxes against

U.S. imports. Equally important, the foreigners—notably the affluent French and Germans—could well afford to step up greatly their own foreign aid and thereby take some of the financial burden of the underdeveloped countries off the U.S.

CORPORATIONS

A Matter of Chemistry

In 1952, as it approached the end of its first century in business, New York's "Old Lady of Hanover Square"—W. R. Grace & Co.—appeared to be sinking into the feebleness of age. For generations, Grace Line ships had raced unchallenged along the west coast of South America, trading cargoes of coffee, cacao and sugar and piling up 90% of Grace's multimillion-dollar profits. But after World War II, as subsidized Latin American merchant marines sprang up to compete for cargoes and challenged Grace's trading supremacy, the company's profits fell from \$13,000,000 in 1946 to \$8,000,000 in 1952. Even more serious, Grace's economic life or death depended on the political health of half a dozen volatile Latin American countries, and the aging handful of executives who had long run the company from their roll-top desks in New York seemed content that it should be so.

Last week, as Grace issued its annual report for 1961, it was clear that the "old lady" had discovered an economic fountain of youth. On sales of \$535 million, Grace last year turned a profit of \$10 million—up 16% from 1960 and a whopping 138% from 1952. Secret of this remarkable rejuvenation was Grace's own chemical formula. In a single decade, Grace has transformed itself from a shipping and trading company into a world-wide chemical producer, now ranks among the top dozen U.S. chemical companies and counts on chemicals for two-thirds of its income.

Golden Guano. The imagination and energy that rebuilt Grace flows from President J. Peter Grace Jr., 48, the barrel-chested grandson of William Russell Grace, who founded the company in 1854. Founder Grace, a scrawny, 22-year-old refugee from the Irish potato famine, began as a ship's chandler to the merchantmen who were flocking to Peru for cargoes of guano, the mineral-rich bird droppings used as fertilizer. With his profits as a chandler, he outfitted his own ships, established sugar plantations, and soon had created an intricate distribution network up and down the west coast of South America.

When Peter Grace became president at 32 in 1945, he had worked for the company less than ten years. "My father," he recalls, "wanted me to be president—much to the displeasure of a lot of people. I was scared." But candid, headstrong young Grace was not so frightened that he failed to see his company needed refurbishing. To beef up Grace's diminishing core of top executives, he personally set about hiring topflight new executives from Montgomery Ward, Coca-Cola and Jersey Standard. Simultaneously, he set up a statistical study division to find ways of



PETER GRACE & PUERTO RICAN AMMONIA PLANT
For an old lady, a bracer.

overhauling Grace's traditional operations and to seek out new enterprises that would reduce the company's excessive concentration in Latin America.

Off on a Spree. Within two years, Grace had decided the company must diversify—into chemicals and in a big way. Chemicals, he says, "were one of the few industries in which our entry wouldn't create an imbalance or an overcapacity." To the horror of most Grace elders, he launched the company on a \$250 million spending spree, designed to buy new technical and executive skills as well as new businesses. Within the next decade, a series of eight acquisitions put Grace into sealing compounds, plastics, resin coatings, chemical catalysts, synthetic rubber, oil refining, and nuclear fuel processing. Sales to chemicals-hungry industry and agriculture leaped as Grace grew into a complex giant with 60 plants in 18 nations from Australia to Italy. Grace has also invested over \$8,000,000 in Libyan oil concessions and predicts the venture will eventually account for 15% to 25% of total sales.

As it acquired profitable new lines, Grace ruthlessly lopped off marginal old ones, including its longstanding coffee producing and wholesaling business. When Grace Lines slipped into the red two years ago, Peter Grace unhesitatingly sold off eight ships and slashed administrative and maintenance costs. Last year the 26-vessel line was back in the black—but Wall Street rumor continues to insist that Grace would sell it, given the right offer.

Old Grounds, New Look. With the vast expansion of Grace's operations, Latin America has produced a steadily shrinking share (39% last year) of the company's revenues. But Grace still has 23,487 employees (only 70 of them Americans) south of the Rio Grande, and West Coast Latin Americans still use Grace-made sugar, wear clothing made from Grace tex-

tiles, and fly on planes of Panagra Airways (jointly owned with Pan American). By taking an active role in the community life—but not the politics—of the nations where it operates, Grace has largely overcome the stigma of "Yankee imperialism" and is so little concerned about expropriation that it plans to spend \$5,000,000 this year expanding its Latin American operations. Even in its traditional stamping ground, however, the company's new look is evident. Already Grace has chemical plants producing in six Latin countries plus Trinidad and Puerto Rico; and so far as the future is concerned, says Vice President John Duncan, "chemical development is a top priority objective in Latin America."

How Not to Grow

Five years ago, San Francisco's Yuba Consolidated Industries was a sturdy little company which by concentrating on its traditional business—gold mining—managed to turn a tidy \$1,200,000 profit on sales of \$22 million. By last year Yuba had mushroomed into a gloriously diversified corporation that could point to sales of \$68 million drawn from enterprises ranging from missile-base construction to the manufacture of power tools. But, in dramatic contrast to W.R. Grace & Co. (see above), Yuba is a case study in how not to expand a corporation. Last week, having lost \$12 million last year despite its skyrocketing sales, Yuba was in bankruptcy court.

In 1957 Yuba's directors were warned that by the late 1960s the company's long-profitable gold fields would peter out. Hoping to diversify the company (then called Yuba Consolidated Gold Fields), the directors brought in as chairman and president a hustling and autocratic executive named John L. McGara, McGara, 51, who had made his name by merging a complex of plate steel and

boiler equipment suppliers into Buffalo's Adco Industries, abolished Yuba's monthly board meeting to give himself freer rein. He ruthlessly dismissed old Yuba hands who questioned his policies. The directors didn't mind, because McGara promised that with his kind of leadership Yuba would do "in two or three years what it took other companies ten or 20 years to do."

Up in the Suite. Seven months after his arrival at Yuba, McGara merged the company with San Francisco's Portuguese-American Tin Co. Then, in return for lavish amounts of Yuba cash or stock, he successively bought a welding company, a steel fabricating mill, a Texas petrochemical firm, an Indiana crane manufacturer, an Ohio power toolmaker, and even his former employer, Adco Industries. Within three heady years, Yuba boasted 17 operating divisions run from a plush suite of offices in San Francisco's new Crown Zellerbach Building. Carried away by McGara's predictions that Yuba's sales would soon hit \$330 million a year, investors ran the company's stock from \$3 a share up to \$17.50 a share.

In its haste to expand, Yuba bought companies that were struggling under inefficient management—and rarely overhauled them sufficiently to make them effective. The insistence that, above all, Yuba must show continual sales gains drove division managers to enter into many contracts that later turned out to be profitless; one division lost \$3,100,000 on two Titan II missile-site construction jobs. No less disastrous was the practice of pushing divisions into businesses that they did not understand. The Nichols-Southern division, which had been clearing as much as \$250,000 a year renting equipment to the chemical and petroleum industries, stumbled into a loss of \$250,

000 when it sought to expand into highway construction.

Down in Court. By March of last year, McGara had run through \$22 million in Yuba cash; the company's reserves were nonexistent, and its debts had mounted to a grotesque 83% of its net worth—2½ times what is usually considered sound for a company of its type. In desperation, the directors agreed to pay McGara \$30,000 a year for ten years to break his contract, replaced him as president with J. (for John) Philip Murphy, 53, former head of one of the McGara-bought subsidiaries. Hoping to convert Yuba into a more modest but profitable \$35 million-a-year operation, Murphy sold off six divisions. But of the eleven remaining divisions, only four were in the black, and at last Murphy decided that bankruptcy was the only way out for Yuba.

Ironically, as Murphy last week awaited a federal court ruling on Yuba's bankruptcy petition, one of his most vocal creditors was ex-President McGara—who was miffed because Yuba was in arrears on his \$30,000 annual payment. Complained McGara, who had apparently been rethinking his philosophy of management: "What is happening now is entirely inexcusable. The company should be reduced to a mining operation only. Then creditors could be paid off in two years."

BUSINESS ABROAD

The Takeover that Failed

Into London's Anglican Church of St. Vedast last week filed a rare body of worshippers—150 executives and employees of Courtaulds Ltd., Britain's biggest textile manufacturer, to offer corporate thanks for their "deliverance from anxiety." The cause of their rejoicing: the failure of giant Imperial Chemical Industries Ltd. in its \$506 million bid to swallow up Courtaulds and thereby achieve a near-monopoly of Britain's synthetic fiber industry. In the highest takeover fight in the history of British business, I.C.I. had managed to acquire only 38.5% of Courtaulds' outstanding common shares—enough to make it Courtaulds' biggest single stockholder, but not enough to give it control.

The great I.C.I.-Courtaulds battle began ten weeks ago when Courtaulds directors, after secret merger negotiations, rejected as too small I.C.I.'s offer to pay the stock equivalent of \$504 million for all of Courtaulds' outstanding shares. At that, I.C.I.'s icy-smooth Board Chairman Stanley Paul Chambers brusquely bypassed Courtaulds management entirely and made a public appeal to Courtaulds stockholders to trade their shares for I.C.I. stock on a five-for-four basis. Courtaulds fought back with promises of increased dividends (to 13% plus a 2.5% tax-free capital dividend), and Britain's press and Parliament erupted with cries of "monopoly." Brushing aside all such criticism, Chambers increased his bid until he was offering double the original market price of Courtaulds stock and twice postponed his deadline for taking up his of-

How much prosperity lies ahead?

For some industries, some companies, some stocks, no end seems in sight.

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MINDING OUR OWN BUSINESS

BACKSTAGE AT BUSINESS WEEK



Seasoned Troupers

AT BUSINESS WEEK, we receive so many requests for guest speakers from civic groups, we feel sometimes as if we're running a lecture bureau on the side. We've even formed a "touring company"—the BUSINESS WEEK Visiting Panel of Editors. Twice a year, this five-man team takes to the road at the invitation of business organizations in major cities. Last year, they visited Pittsburgh and Cleveland. This February, they were in Los Angeles and San Francisco; this fall, the editors will visit Boston.

Speeches, of course, lead to questions and off-the-cuff answers often lead to heated discussions. For example, someone may toss the panel a question like "Whatever happened to the Soaring Sixties?" Before you know it, there's a lively debate going that might touch on everything from local labor to international politics.

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From novelty toward sustained success.

fer. When he finally cried quits last week, I.C.I. had spent \$700,000 on publicity and mailings alone.

For the fast-moving Chambers, hitherto rated as one of Britain's ablest executives, failure to win over a majority of Courtauld's stockholders marked a sorry setback. At his own stockholders' meeting last week, he was assailed with cries of "dictatorial" and "little Napoleon." But the businessmen of the City of London had by no means written Chambers off. Unpopular as they were, his tough tactics had won I.C.I. so big a stake in Courtauld's that many Britons believed that Courtauld's management will ultimately feel obliged to agree to closer ties with I.C.I. in artificial-fiber production.

RETAILING

A Touch of Tokyo

Even in Los Angeles—the city of gala premieres for everything from Hollywood spectaculars to hamburger stands—the "grand opening" last week of the U.S.'s first big Japanese-owned department store created quite a splash. Within 15 minutes after Seibu of Los Angeles unlocked its door, 5,000 shoppers were inside, women were fainting, policemen had to bar all entrances to slow down the rush and traffic was backed up for four blocks along Wilshire Boulevard. By day's end Seibu's clerks had been buffeted by 40,000 Angelenos, who bought \$25,000 worth of merchandise ranging from obi cloth theater coats to men's silk suits tailored in Japan to Ivy League specifications.

Owned by Japan's billion dollar Seibu Industries, whose holdings include Tokyo's fastest growing department store, a railroad and 16 hotels, Seibu of Los Angeles is the latest pet project of Seibu Chairman Yasujiro Tsutsumi, 74. During a 1959 visit to the U.S., Tsutsumi was shocked at the low quality of the Jap-

anese products that he saw in well-to-do American homes. Convinced that there was a large unexploited market for Japan's wide range of quality merchandise, he decided that the way to tap it was not through specialty stores (such as Manhattan's Takashimaya) but with a store that could compete on even terms with U.S. department stores catering to upper middle-class buyers.

To pull off this daring gamble—which so far has cost Seibu \$8,000,000—Tsutsumi is relying on a retailing formula that blends East and West. Housed in a block-long, four-story building with just touches of Japanese décor—a cluster of lanterns, an occasional screen and a few Nisei girls in geisha costume—Seibu of Los Angeles is essentially an American store with all the usual U.S. retailing gimmicks, including a two-deck parking garage and a roof-garden restaurant with bar. Its merchandise is predominantly Western-styled, and only 60% of it is made in Japan. To provide this much Japanese merchandise, Seibu's buyers had to organize a Japanese children's clothing industry almost from scratch (Japanese children wear school uniforms) and to persuade furniture makers to raise Japan's small, low-slung dining tables to coffee-table height.

If his Los Angeles store goes on from novelty to sustained success, Tsutsumi plans to expand into other U.S. cities. He emphasizes that his operations will not hurt U.S. industries because he intends to use his U.S. proceeds to buy American goods for his Tokyo store. In a cable to his U.S. staff last week he spelled out his objective: DO YOUR VERY BEST TO SELL TRULY FINE JAPANESE GOODS TO AMERICAN CUSTOMERS AND BUY WITH PROFITS AMERICAN GOODS NECESSARY FOR JAPAN AND THEREBY COOPERATE WITH AMERICAN DOLLAR DEFENSE MEASURES, TO INCREASE SALES FIGURES OF NEW STORE IS NOT FINAL PURPOSE.

MILESTONES

Died, Arthur Holly Compton, 69, brilliant pioneer of modern physics and, as wartime director of the University of Chicago's innocuously titled Metallurgical Laboratory, a key figure in the development of the atomic bomb. Chancellor of St. Louis' Washington University (1945-53); of a stroke; in Berkeley, Calif. An unpretentious scion of one of America's distinguished intellectual families,* Ohio-born Arthur Compton made his scientific debut at ten with a treatise on elephants' toes, won the Nobel Prize (together with Britain's Charles T.R. Wilson) at 35 with the discovery that X rays are composed of particles, but despite his steeping in the scientific method clung to a deep religious faith, occasionally preaching from Presbyterian pulpits.

Died, George Storr May, 71, flamboyant black sheep of the management consulting business, an ex-Bible salesman who despite the handicap of a prison record (eleven months for forgery) hard-sold his way to leadership of the U.S.'s biggest "business engineering company," whose services he promoted by staging some of golfing's gaudiest and most lucrative tournaments at his Tam O'Shanter Country Club outside Chicago, of a heart attack; at Tam O'Shanter.

Died, Alexander Kahn, 80, Russian-born general manager of New York's *Jewish Daily Forward*, the U.S.'s largest (circ. 70,000) foreign language (Yiddish) newspaper, a tireless fighter for the downtrodden, whose fund-raising efforts among New York's wealthy Jewish families won him the title of "the East Side's ambassador to the Uptown Jews"; of cancer; in Manhattan.

Died, May Bonfils Stanton, eightyish, elder daughter of the *Denver Post's* late Publisher Frederick G. Bonfils, who fell out with her father over her first marriage, lived much of her life in semi-seclusion in a 20-room marble copy of Marie Antoinette's Petit Trianon, and pursued a 30-year feud with her younger sister—and current *Post* boss—Helen Bonfils Davis with such intensity that the *Post* was not even informed of May's death, got scooped on the obituary by the rival *Rocky Mountain News*; after a long illness; in Denver.

Died, Sir Philip Gibbs, 84, who in 1914 became one of Fleet Street's first accredited war correspondents, was knighted for his dashing, idealistic dispatches from the trenches, spent the postwar years writing optimistic books on world peace and in 1939 returned to war corresponding with the bleak sigh: "Has it been 21 years or seven days' leave?"; of pneumonia; in London.

◊ Between them, Arthur Compton and his brothers Wilson and the late Karl boasted 67 degrees, at various times held twelve university chairs and presided over three colleges.



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BOOKS

New Mockingbird

A LONG AND HAPPY LIFE (195 pp.)—*Reynolds Price*—Atheneum (\$3.95).

One of the pleasing vagaries of the publishing business is that every year or so a good novel takes hold of public fancy and lodges near the top of the bestseller lists for month after month. Suburban matrons feel socially inadequate until they have read it, a Hollywood movie producer pays the price of a California divorce settlement for film rights and assigns a subordinate to read what he has paid for, and a women's magazine commissions the newly celebrated author to write 10,000



REYNOLDS PRICE
Vice in Virtue.

words at \$5 each on the secret of happy marriage.

The result is that the right books are sometimes read, often for what seem to be the wrong reasons: artful publicity, blind luck, a nagging cultural conscience that periodically requires the public to atone for reading several Chapman Reports by acknowledging one *To Kill a Mockingbird*. Whatever the reasons, the book world almost certainly is about to see the fascinating process begin again with *A Long and Happy Life*, the first novel of a 29-year-old North Carolinian now living in Oxford, England: Reynolds Price.

Launched in a flurry of prepublication testimonials and press attention (*Harper's* magazine will devote most of its April issue to printing the entire novel), Author Price's book is a brief, appealing, generally unpretentious tale of a young girl who does not quite know how to land her laggard suitor, and who, as she learns, finds error a trial. It is a good

first novel, masterfully put together, and it deserves its jackpot luck; wrong reasons notwithstanding.

Patent Infringed. The book's only egregious fault is its beginning; there, the author salaams toward Oxford, Miss., as almost every new Southern writer has done for two decades. The first several pages describe the ride of the poor-white heroine, Rosacoke Mustian, as she bumps on the back of Wesley Beavers' motorcycle toward the funeral of a Negro friend. "Just with his body and from inside like a snake, leaning that black motorcycle side to side, cutting in and out of the slow line of cars to get there first, staring due-north through goggles toward Mount Moriah and switching coon tails in everybody's face was Wesley Beavers, and laid against his back like sleep was Rosacoke Mustian who was maybe his girl . . ." There is nothing wrong with this, or with the other two-thirds of the sentence still to come, except that Faulkner holds the patent.

But surprisingly, the sentences soon lose their short-story-class sterility, and become tauter and fresher. Before long, Price is writing his own wry, amusing novel, and doing it well. Rosacoke is a likable, skillfully drawn character—youthful and gangly-pretty, bright enough to see the sour humor in being, as she is, a good girl.

Wesley has courted her for six years, between stretches of billygoating with anybody else who was available. But he seems more interested in his motorcycle than in Rosacoke, and marriage clearly has not crossed his mind. Brother Milo with laughter that is not meant to be cruel, bawdily recites a solution: "Pull up your petticoat, pull down your drawers . . ." But Rosacoke remembers that her Negro friend Mildred died bearing a bastard. Still, the wages of virtue are not buying much; if Rosacoke does not marry Wesley, whom she is almost certain she loves, there is little for her to do except keep on working for the telephone company and watch while her sister-in-law hatches babies.

Pulling Hard. The honesty and art of Price's telling make "should she or shouldn't she" seem a new, agonizing problem—as it usually is in life and seldom is in novels. The reader may have a few reservations; after Rosacoke takes Brother Milo's advice, for instance, Author Price applies Victorian literature's doctrine of immediate conception. And although his observations are intended to be Rosacoke's, Price sometimes betrays a man's melodramatic uneasiness at the workings of women: a nursing baby is described as "pulling hard at the life" of a perfectly healthy mother. But the objections are trifling, and even the opening bow toward Faulkner does not mar *A Long and Happy Life* seriously. The working-out of Rosacoke's young womanhood is touching and true.

Lessons from the Dead

THE BLOOD OF THE LAMB (246 pp.)—*Peter De Vries*—Little, Brown (\$4).

In all the novels of Peter De Vries, life's devious ways have been crosscurrents in a happy sea of absurdity. In *Comfort Me with Apples* and *The Tunnel of Love*, adultery was the only way to hold a marriage together; there was power in futility, wisdom in platitudes and, of course, virtue in vice. But always there have been signs that inside the humorist, a serious novelist was struggling to get out. Now, in *The Blood of the Lamb*, absurdity becomes tragic, and De Vries says what has been on his lips all along: life is a joke, and a bad one at that.

Things begin with a blithe accounting



PETER DE VRIES
Vice versa.

of the hero's pubescent urbanity in Chicago. Don Wanderhope is his name, and, true to it, he drifts along in a vague metaphysical search until an unbearable succession of catastrophes strands him in suburbia, somewhere between Westport and Decency.

Fear of the Devil. Wanderhope's family (like De Vries's own) are Dutch Calvinists who worship "a god scarcely distinguishable from the devil they fear." But when his elder brother dies pointlessly at the age of 19, Don loses his faith and adopts his brother's creed of worldliness and atheism as his own.

After that, it is just one damned thing after another. But all his bad news—at first—comes in light voices that in their humor are vintage De Vries: "Here you have the bronchi at the point where they empty into the diatribe," his Old World doctor says by way of telling him he has tuberculosis. He leaves the tuberculosis sanitarium to visit his father, now ensconced in an asylum where the carefree



On the Meaning of Profitability

staff has diagnosed him a "Nervous Wreck." Horrified, Don packs his father off to a country rest home where he is amazed to meet his old fiancée. He accepts guilt for his troubled mind, and, in the face of dark signs, he marries her.

Grotesque Reality. The amusements of youth suddenly disappear, and the only laughter that remains is in echoes from the past. The shift in tone is perhaps explained by the fact that the novel is autobiographical in part, but De Vries makes no apology. The dramatic departure from the comic is one of the grotesqueries which, De Vries says, "are too strong for the delicate stomach of Art but in which reality abounds, as though life itself enjoys laughing down the aesthetic proprieties."

Madness takes its final hold on Wanderhope's wife, and she kills herself after "six months in a sanitarium under the care of a psychiatrist who could do no more than apply a poultice of polysyllables to a wound he could neither see nor understand." Wanderhope is left with a daughter who is herself condemned to die of leukemia at twelve. During the ordeal of visits to the hospital as she lies dying, he turns back to take some measure of the faith lost at his brother's deathbed.

In the end, Wanderhope rejects the comforts of belief and accepts the final existentialist absurdity—that man must abandon the search for his meaning in a meaningless world. With this, he musters the bitter courage to return to a life he can neither bear nor depart.

De Vries's conclusion: Man is, indeed, saved by grace—not the gift of grace but by grace of his own making, by the grace created between men. Says Hero Wanderhope: "I believe that man must learn to live without those consolations called religious. The quest for meaning is foredoomed. Man has only his own two feet to stand on, his own human trinity to see him through: Reason, Courage and Grace. And the first plus the second equals the third."

Dilettante of the Depths

DOWN THERE ON A VISIT (318 pp.)—Christopher Isherwood—Simon & Schuster (\$4.75).

Christopher Isherwood, that permanently promising young man, seemed during the '30s to be the two dandiest literary dactyls since Joyce's Malachi Mulligan. To earnest literary leftists of the decade, Auden, Spender and Isherwood were pronounced as one word, and in 1935 Isherwood and Auden were acclaimed for an amusing prose and verse play (*The Dog Beneath the Skin*) that twitted the British Establishment satisfactorily, even if it struck no telling blows in the class war. Isherwood's most promising work came four years later: *Goodbye to Berlin*, six wistful stories whose curiously passive hero announced that he was a camera.

When Isherwood's next important book appeared in 1945—it was *Prater Violet*, a short satirical novel about film-making in London—it did nothing to damage its

author's reputation but also did little to fulfill his promise. An unsuccessful novel called *The World in the Evening* followed in 1954. But the elegant dactyls remained on the literary scene. Their possessor had moved to Southern California in 1939. There he taught, wrote film scripts that seldom saw celluloid, and set aside left-wing politics to dabble in Vedanta—living, as Alfred Kazin once remarked acridly, "by the River Ganges where it flows into the Hollywood desert."

Down There on a Visit is the best work this prim, prickly near mystic has done in years. Like all of Isherwood's books, it is coyly set in the form of autobiography—but not really; its narrator, as usual, is a



CHRISTOPHER ISHERWOOD
Not fact, not fiction.

ventriloquist's dummy named Christopher Isherwood whose surface sometimes seems faintly warm. Characteristically, there is too little fiction for a novel, too little truth for autobiography. Yet in his carefree, canny way, the author has written an engaging work of self-revelation.

Fallen, Arch. Deftly and with good humor, the author describes four representative adventures; they show "Isherwood" through the years discarding one pose after another, like a man trying on dressing gowns. At 23, the hero is a rather insensitive Sensitive Young Author. Invited to visit a "cousin" named Lancaster who is a shipping executive in Hamburg, the young man has a perfectly hideous time. His notion of himself as Jack the Philistine Killer falls comically to pieces when he finds himself fascinated by Lancaster's boundless, vulgar energy.

Five years later, another adventure: the hero is roosting in a colony of homosexuals on a Greek island, posing as the archest of fallen angels. Under the erratic leadership of Ambrose, a bogus decadent out of *Dorian Gray*, he takes up a life of wine sipping, and feebly attempts a diary. Eventually Isherwood decides that chaos

is not his cup of tea. Later, safe in England, he muses, "I didn't belong on his island. But now I know I don't belong here, either." Lugubriously he adds, "Or anywhere." The reader is tempted to interject that the author-hero belongs exactly where he is, in Hollywood-on-the-Ganges.

Dead & Deadly. But five years later the hero-author is still afloat; he returns to England from a China tour a war correspondent and a successful author, "fashionable to exactly the right degree—chic, not vulgarly famous." In the end, of course, success tastes of ashes, and Isherwood, fleeing from the nasty politics of '38, is off for the New World. Two years afterward he has become the standard Hollywood Hindu, writing film scripts and learning yoga from a gossipy, shrewd old mystic. Eventually that familiar taste of ashes recurs—it pervades all of Isherwood's writing.

Still, although *Down There* sometimes seems little else than a portrait of the artist as an aging adolescent, Isherwood is always superior to his official poses. Without being committed to either, he knows the world of respectability and the underworld of self-indulgence—the deadly and the dead souls. He is a dilettante of the higher depths, a kind of demi-Virgil leading the reader through a hop-skip-and-jump tour of Hell. Isherwood has neither the pilgrim's passion for the journey nor the tourist's awe, but at his best he is a delightful guide.

The Kaiser's Lady

A VIEW OF THE SPREE (305 pp.)—Alison J. Smith—John Day (\$5.95).

Americans popularly blamed World War I on the blustering German Kaiser and traced his evil aspirations back to Frederick the Great. They need not have looked so far. When he was in his 20s, no one stirred the Kaiser's dreams of empire more than a pretty, blue-eyed American of good family and Protestant piety named Mary Esther Lee. After combing many volumes of letters she sent home from Europe, Alison Smith concluded that this daughter of a rich Manhattan grocer (and his own great-aunt) was the Kaiser's mistress. The course of modern German history might have been much different, he argues, if this American had not turned into a German nationalist.

Saintly Pompadour. Mary Lee sailed for Europe in 1855, an outwardly demure 17-year-old determined to make her mark and spread her Calvinist faith. When she snagged the elderly Prince Frederick of Schleswig-Holstein, she planned a honeymoon of New Testament grandeur. The couple retraced St. Paul's path to Damascus, camped out for a month in imitation of St. John the Baptist. But the prince collapsed and died before the honeymoon was over. Though his family accused Mary of murdering him by too many bed-room "fatigues," Mary inherited \$4,000,000 in cash, several châteaux, and a few thousand choice acres of European soil.

Mary found her next husband in a



PHOTOGRAPHED BY MOON SEUL

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We want peace and they want change!"**

That is how Frank McGee summed up America's relations with a great part of the world on the NBC News program "Projection '62." It is typical of his great talent for reducing a complicated subject to its basic terms—and expressing them in words which are simple, vivid, memorable and strikingly true. It is this gift which makes Frank invaluable as an "anchor man" on so many NBC News programs. The most recent example: his coverage of the John Glenn orbital flight and its follow-up celebrations. ■ Since 1955, when the bus boycott in Montgomery, Alabama, gave him his first big national story, Frank McGee has built an outstanding reputation for lively, human and meticulously

accurate reporting—a reputation which made him a natural choice as Moderator of the second Kennedy-Nixon TV debate. Insatiably curious, scrupulously fair, Frank McGee is a vital member of the world's most comprehensive broadcast news organization. ■ In 75 countries all over the world, NBC News has correspondents like Frank McGee to bring you the news as it happens. Backed by a seasoned team of expert editors and producers, they give you responsible, interpretive reporting from every world news source. It takes the talent and teamwork of more than

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KAISER WILHELM
Out went naughty pictures.

German spa. He was stiff-necked Count Alfred von Waldersee, whose one attraction for Mary was his friendship with Prince Wilhelm, heir to the German throne. In due course, Mary met Wilhelm. She was a svelte 42, he only 21. Noting that his withered left arm made him feel insecure, she put him at ease with a few soulful chats. She earned his gratitude by finding him a submissive little wife, who later bore him eight children. Husband in tow, Mary moved into an elegant house in Berlin overlooking the River Spree. Wilhelm, who lived 16 miles away at the Sans Souci Palace in Potsdam, was soon spending most of his time on the Spree. "The serene confidence of the American woman," writes Smith, "must have exercised a powerful attraction on the crippled, inferiority-haunted heir to the German throne."

Berliners dubbed Mary a "Pompadour in saintly garb." Despite her status as a mistress, she insisted that Wilhelm's morals conform to her own Calvinist standards. First, his pornographic pictures had to go. In a little ceremony by the fireplace, the pair solemnly watched the vast collection consumed in flames; then over oranges and tea, Mary lectured Wilhelm on the duties of a Christian prince. Wilhelm was soon sending swords to friends with the inscription: "In the Name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost." Under her badgering, he lent his name to her efforts to organize Berlin's first Y.M.C.A. But the Countess von Waldersee's most lasting influence was political.

Protestant Empire. In the 1880s, liberals and nationalists were vying for control of Bismarck's newly unified Germany. Mary took the side of the nationalists, whose religious fervor appealed to her. She befriended a fiery Lutheran preacher named Adolph Stoecker and installed him in her salon, where he led the company in hymns to the Fatherland, and exoriated



MRS. J. B. KIFFIN
came the Y.M.C.A.

Jews. Mary dreamed of a pure Protestant empire stretching from the U.S. to Europe to the Middle East, and rabid nationalists from all over Germany swarmed to sit at her feet. Under her influence, Wilhelm lost all interest in liberalism. When he succeeded to the throne in 1888, he dismissed Bismarck (who considered Mary a meddling woman, snubbed her salon and its anti-Semitism and irritated Wilhelm by the power he commanded) and appointed Mary's husband Chief of the General Staff of the Army. A U.S. newspaper cheered the home-town girl: "She is the only woman the male Bismarck was ever afraid of."

But once he was emperor, Wilhelm decided he could fend for himself. He grew his famous bristling mustache, swaggered more than ever. For company he surrounded himself with a crew of homosexuals who found politics tedious.

Wilhelm tired of Mary. He demoted her husband to a corps commander, and when Mary reproached him, petulantly ordered all the Y.M.C.A. signs torn down in Berlin. Banished from politics at 52, Mary devoted her life to religion. She died at 76, five weeks before the Kaiser led the nation to war in 1914.

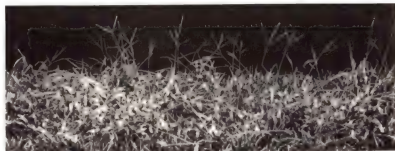
Mary's fascination for her nephew Smith is almost as fatal as it was for Wilhelm. While other historians attribute German imperialism to social and economic forces, Smith attributes it to Mary. He may overrate her allure as well as her influence. "She was a lovely, luminously intelligent American," he writes at the apogee of his infatuation. But in the end he resists her charms and preserves his objectivity. "Her piety was sincere enough," he concludes. "Yet it masked a towering ambition and a Machiavellian talent for intrigue. Out of a life lived with a clear conscience, and with the best of intentions, the desired good had somehow failed to come."

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TIME LISTINGS

CINEMA

Last Year at Marienbad. Alain Resnais, the grand admiral of the French New Wave, has produced a movie that is anything but a movie: a metaphysical enigma, a Platonic allegory, a treatise on cubistic cinema that attempts an Einsteinian revolution in the art of film, a Rorschach blot into which the spectator can project whatever he pleases.

Tomorrow Is My Turn. A military melodrama, directed by France's André Cayatte, that has some discriminating things to say about apparent and actual freedom and bondage.

The Lower Depths. Akira Kurosawa's Japanization of the classic proletarian comedy by Maxim Gorky boils with demonic energy and rocks with large, yeasaying laughter.

The Night. Marriage without love and life without meaning are examined with talent, intelligence and despair by Michelangelo Antonioni (*L'Avventura*), whose text might be from W. H. Auden: "The glacier knocks in the closet. The desert sighs in the bed: The crack in the teacup opens. A lane to the land of the dead."

Victim. An entertaining but tendentious thriller of blackmail and homosexuality.

Lower Come Back. Gagan Stanley Shapiro has written a situation comedy as smooth as baby food, and Director Delbert Mann manages to strain some humor out of Rock Hudson and Doris Day.

Tender Is the Night. Jason Robards Jr. portrays the triple-distilled spirit of the '20s in F. Scott Fitzgerald's story about a psychiatrist who lies down on the couch with his favorite patient.

A View from the Bridge. Arthur Miller's attempt to find Greek tragedy in cold water Flatbush criss in concept but succeeds in details.

TELEVISION

Wed., March 21

Kraft Music Hall (NBC, 9-10 p.m.). Perry Como's guest is Anna Maria Alberghetti, Broadway star of *Carnival*, Color.

United States Steel Hour (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). Eva Gabor stars as a movie queen whose plan to impress her producer results in tragedy.

Thurs., March 22

Bob Hope Show (NBC, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). Bob's guests are Ethel Merman and Maximilian Schell.

CBS Reports (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). "The United States of Europe," with David Schoenbrun reporting.

Sat., March 24

Championship Debate (NBC, 12:30-1 p.m.). Teams of Kings College, Wilkes-Barre, Pa., and George Washington University, Washington, D.C., debate the question: "Should the Peace Corps Be Abolished?"

Accent (CBS, 1:30-2 p.m.). A historical drama about the Hamilton-Burr duel, with John Ciardi as host.

Golden Showcase (CBS, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). James Mason and Janice Rule star in "Tonight in Samarkand," the story of a lady tiger trainer and a magician.

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W. P. MARSHALL, President

1201 (4-00)

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Sun., March 25

Camera Three (CBS, 11-11:30 a.m.). Host James MacAndrew discusses the works of the late poet Robinson Jeffers.

Editor's Choice (ABC, 3:30-4:30 p.m.). The five finalists of the 1961-62 Metropolitan Opera Auditions will appear, along with Met stars and former winners Heidi Krall and Rosalind Elias.

NBC Opera Company (NBC, 3:30-4:40 p.m.). *Cavalleria Rusticana*, Color.

White House Tour (CBS, 4-5 p.m.). A repeat of last month's visit to the White House with Mrs. Kennedy as breathless guide. Scheduled again at an early hour for the benefit of the Caroline Kennedy set.

Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color (NBC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). Part three of *The Prince and the Pauper*, Mark Twain's classic.

Mon., March 26

N.Y. Philharmonic Young People's Concert (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). An 80th birthday salute for Igor Stravinsky from the Philharmonic, with Leonard Bernstein conducting an all-Stravinsky program.

Expedition (ABC, 7-7:30 p.m.). The firewalkers of Fiji are shown in action doing the South Pacific hotfoot.

Bell & Howell Close-Up (ABC, 10-11 p.m.). The story of Cambodia and its efforts to become the "Switzerland of Asia."

Tues., March 27

Dick Powell Show (NBC, 9-10 p.m.). Joan Fontaine stars in a drama about a young widow who fears she is being haunted by her late husband's ghost.

THEATER

On Broadway

The Night of the Iguana, by Tennessee Williams. On a Mexican veranda, four people who have come to the frayed edge of life find the strength to go on. In its acceptance of human limitations, this is Williams' wisest play. As drama, it is possibly his best play since *A Streetcar Named Desire*.

Ross, by Terence Rattigan. probes the tantalizing nature of the man and myth known as Lawrence of Arabia. The mystery is not resolved, but John Mills plays the hero with anguishing honesty.

A Man for All Seasons, by Robert Bolt. is a highly literate communiqué from the front line of the conscience where public duty clashes with individual integrity. In Paul Scofield's memorable re-creation of Sir Thomas More, the mind dances and the spirit flows.

Gideon, by Paddy Chayefsky. treats God and man as humorous and crotchety back-fence neighbors, but the formidable acting gifts of Fredric March and Douglas Campbell strike occasional sparks of awe.

How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying taps out the Robert Morse code of officiousness, a gleefully self-appreciative rush to the corporate summit.

Off Broadway

Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mama's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' So Sad, by Arthur Kopit. An unevenly funny surrealist foray into the no man's land of Momism. Nymphet Barbara Harris makes the scene, the play, and the evening.

Brecht on Brecht is a packet of instant genius, a revue-styled evening of poems, letters, songs, and scenes from a 20th century master of theater.

BOOKS

Best Reading

Pigeon Feathers and Other Stories, by John Updike. The author's ability is enormous, and his gift of language far exceeds that of most contemporaries, but these stories—a young sensitive husband with a young, dolish wife is a typical theme—are disappointingly unambitious. Still they contain far more human perception than many a hand-heavy "major" novel.

A Signal Victory, by David Staction. A hard, glittering, epigrammatic account of the Spanish rape of the Mayan civilization, marred by a central character who just mimes coming to life.

My Brother, Ernest Hemingway, by Leicester Hemingway. This account by the novelist's kid brother adds warm flesh tones to the increasingly detailed portrait of Hemingway.

What Is History? by Edward Hallett Carr. A Cambridge don discourses on how much of history is invention, how it should be invented, and to what end.

The Rothschilds, by Frederic Morton. A well-detailed account of the seven-generation progress of Europe's fabulous banking clan, of whom it might now be said that royalty rivals the Rothschilds.

The Fox in the Attic, by Richard Hughes. The third novel by the author of *A High Wind in Jamaica*; worth the two decades it took to germinate, is a sharply sketched parable of England and Germany between World Wars I and II.

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest, by Ken Kesey. From the vantage point of a mental institution, an angry, anguished attack on the middlebrow establishment is made by the mentally ill hero of this fine first novel.

The Guns of August, by Barbara W. Tuchman. The author's account of the thundering first month of World War I as probably the best-planned and worst-executed war in history.

The End of the Battle, by Evelyn Waugh. Part 3 of the author's Waughtime satire, in which Guy Crouchback, having made himself ridiculous in the line of duty to God and country, is rewarded by the prospect of a long and happy life.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. **Franny and Zooey**, Salinger (1, last week)
2. **The Fox in the Attic**, Hughes (7)
3. **The Agony and the Ecstasy**, Stone (2)
4. **A Prologue to Love**, Caldwell (5)
5. **To Kill a Mockingbird**, Lee (10)
6. **Captain Newman, M.D.**, Rosten (4)
7. **The Bull from the Sea**, Renaulx
8. **Daughter of Silence**, West (6)
9. **The Ivy Tree**, Stewart (9)
10. **Chairman of the Bored**, Streeter (3)

NONFICTION

1. **Calories Don't Count**, Taffer (2)
2. **My Life in Court**, Nizer (1)
3. **The Guns of August**, Tuchman (3)
4. **CIA: The Inside Story**, Tully (8)
5. **The Making of the President 1960**, White (6)
6. **The Last Plantagenets**, Costain (4)
7. **The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich**, Shirer (5)
8. **My Naber Is Bent**, Paar (10)
9. **A Nation of Sheep**, Lederer (9)
10. **The Rothschilds**, Morton

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